The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Bookman monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines.*

(2) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."*

(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best humorous poem in not more than forty lines.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London E.C.4,

and must reach the Bookman *office by the first post on September 4th next.*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.*

The May Bookman, a Walt Whitman Centenary Number, will contain a special article on Walt Whitman by Ernest Rhys.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book of poems, "The Years Between," will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Methuen.

A new novel by Mr. Zangwill—the first he has written for several years—"Jinny the Carrier," a comedy of rural life, will be published this spring by

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Mr. Heinemann, who has also in the press "The Moon and Sixpence," a new novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham.

Among other books that Mr. Heinemann has in preparation for this spring are "The Sword of Deborah," an account by Miss Tennyson Jesse, from personal experience and observation, of the work done by the W.A.A.C.'s, the V.A.D.'s and other women's organisations in France; and the "Russian Diary of an Englishman," by "An Unofficial Diplomat," a pseudonym which conceals a writer who was on intimate terms with the Imperial family and with the leading men in the social and political life of Petrograd during the years that preceded the Revolution.

[Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN in 1912.

The late Lady Ritchie and her Grandchildren
(the children of Mrs. Denis Ritchie).

Our contemporary the *Canadian Bookman* has made a brilliant new beginning this year in a new series, under the editorship of Mr. B. K. Sandwell, assisted by an editorial committee consisting of distinguished educationalists, journalists, and experts in technical literature. Mr. Sandwell, who is Lecturer on Journalism in the McGill University Extension Department, has lived nearly thirty years in Canada. After leaving Toronto University he came to England for three years of journalistic work, and returning home served for nine years on the *Montreal Herald* as dramatic and literary critic. No. 1 of the *Canadian Bookman*, new series, is a very able and a very interesting production, on which we warmly congratulate everybody concerned. In an editorial and a succession of articles by leading Canadian authorities the reading world of Canada is passed under review and comes in for some outspoken and drastic criticism. "There is too little bookishness in Canada," we are told, and there are reasons given for this and remedies considered. The Premier of Ontario discusses "Literature as a Force in Canadian Development," the Dean of Halifax writes on "Good Books the Bulwark of Democracy," and Professor Grant, Principal of Upper Canada College, has some suggestive things to say on "Why Books Should not be Taken Neat." The many miscellaneous articles include a delightful essay by Mr. Stephen Leacock on "Why do People Buy Books?" and a study of "Francis Grierson," by Miss Jean Foley. The reviews are mainly and rightly of books by Canadian writers, but the best English authors receive due attention.

"The Gentle Despot," Mr. G. B. Burgin's new novel (Hutchinson), is of English life, and dedicated to the "The Gentle Despot in question." The story is based on these lines from an old play:

> "I'll win them to my working in such wise
> That they shall dream they bend me to their will
> Yet ever do my bidding, unaware
> I am the gentlest despot of them all."

The death of Lady Thackeray Ritchie breaks the closest link we had with one of the greatest of the Victorian novelists. In her early years she was her father's constant companion, and has put her memories of him and his friends into the admirable series of introductions she contributed to the Centenary edition of his works. Her own novels, which have a quiet, distinctive humour and charm of manner, are fallen into undeserved neglect, and one looks confidently to seeing a revival of interest in such stories as "Toilers and Spinsters," "Old Kensington" and "The Story of Elizabeth"

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Thornton Butterworth.**

The newest of London publishers is Mr. Thornton Butterworth, whose first publication will be a humorous topical book, "The Adventures of Dilly and Dally," by William Macartney, with illustrations by "Poy." Mr. Butterworth believes that humour is one of the needs of the day, and intends this to be the first in a series of books written and illustrated by popular humorists. He will devote himself largely also to literature of a more serious kind. The war has not been without its effect upon the general reader, and "I am convinced," he says, "that the literature of the future must deal more with the intimate life of the people, and books concerning themselves directly with our manifold domestic problems will reach a wider audience than ever before. The public has regained a taste for poetry, but in point of popularity the novel still leads the way; it is undergoing a slow revolution and, though the story pure and simple will always be sure of a welcome, it seems likely that the significant novel of the future will have less to do with plot than with psychology and with sociological and political developments. One has to keep abreast with the new spirit that is manifesting itself in our national life, and it is natural to look for the truest interpreters of that spirit in the younger school of novelists that has risen, and is yet to rise. Therefore, though I am arranging for books by various authors of established reputations, I am also hoping to make new discoveries."

"The Man From Australia," a story of the West of Ireland, by Katharine Tynan, will be published shortly by Messrs. Collins, who are also publishing "Heritage," a first novel by Miss V. Sackville-West, who is well known as a writer of distinguished verse.

London society has lost one of its wittiest, most engaging personalities, and literature an accomplished biographer and a most genial and attractive essayist and miscellaneous writer, by the death last month, at sixty-six, of the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. He was twice elected to Parliament, and was successively Under Secretary for India and for the Home Department. For some years he was an Alderman of the L.C.C. He knew all the leading men of his time, in literature, art, politics, society, and will be chiefly remembered for the delightfully gossipy volumes into which he gathered, from an apparently inexhaustible store, his personal recollections and the stories he had heard from and about them.

The Rev. John Pitkin, Rector of Teigh, Rutland, has, in "The Prison Cell in its Lights and Shadows," written a book that should appeal to students of criminology, and, not less, to the general reader,

Photo by Elliott & Fry **The late Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell**

Lieutenant Gordon S. Maxwell, R.N.V.R.,
whose book of humorous verse, "The Rhymes of Amot Orlaunch," was published last month by Messrs. Dent.

who will find much of profoundest human interest in its poignant stories. Mr. Pitkin was for many years assistant Chaplain at Wandsworth Prison and Chaplain of the Prisons at Exeter and Winchester. He has put his personal experiences into his book which will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Messrs. Macmillan announce that the second volume of Mr. George Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel," covering the period from 1800 to the end of the nineteenth century, will be ready this spring.

"A Man and his Lesson," by W. B. Maxwell, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, is the story of a man's love for two women. The same firm announce "The Sleeping Partner," a new novel by Miss M. P. Willcocks.

Mr. Arthur Greening is joining the goodly company of publishers who are also authors, and his first book, "The Better Yarn," a series of humorous stories, will be issued by Messrs. Jarrold this month. Mr. Greening has had a very varied career in the book trade. Starting at the bottom of the ladder as collector at an old-fashioned Clapham bookseller's, he has been through almost every branch of publishing. He was at Messrs. Bickers and Son, then in the Army and Navy Stores Book Department, then for seven years with Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, whence he transferred to Messrs. Edward Stanford and Son, of Charing Cross. At length he ventured into publishing on his own account, with every necessary qualification except capital, but he found a printer and binder prepared to support him, and the late Clement Scott helped to give him a send-off by entrusting him with "The Wheel of Life" and "Sisters of the Sea," two little books that laid the foundation of the enterprising firm which first introduced to the reading public the Baroness Orczy, Guy Thorne, May Wynne, David Whitelaw, Cyrus Townsend Brady, and other now well-known authors. In 1911 the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune brought Mr. Greening's activities as a publisher on his own account to a close. Then for some time he represented Messrs. Dent and Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. in the West Country. For the last three or four years he has been general manager for Messrs. Jarrold.

We are asked to publish the following warning to editors and publishers:

"4, Greycoat Gardens,
"Westminster.

"Sir,—It has been brought to my knowledge that the publication of certain reports in connection with the private affairs of my brother, Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, is in contemplation. An article as grotesque as it is untrue has appeared in a London paper, which the editor had to retract on the instigation of myself and my niece, Lady Nora à Beckett. I should be very grateful if you would permit your wide influence to be used to make it known that

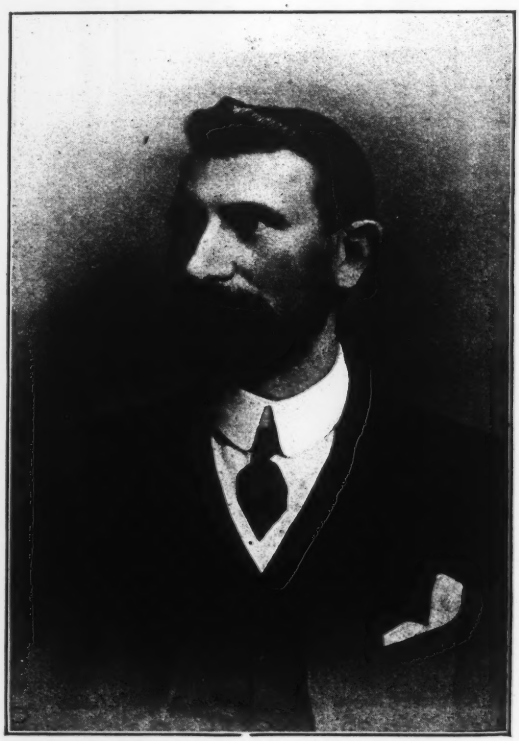


Photo by Charles F. Treble. **Mr. Arthur Greening.**

similar steps will promptly follow any further such publication. It would be well if any contribution on the subject, offered for publication, were submitted to me for verification before being accepted.—FRANCES E. J. PARKER."

Mr. F. T. Wawn's new novel, "A Green Olive Tree," will be published this month by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

Colonel Godfrey Collins, of the well-known publishing firm of Messrs. W. Collins & Sons, has been awarded a K.B.E. for his services in Egypt, Mesopotamia and India from 1915 to 1917. He was largely instrumental in developing the resources of India during the war. Colonel Collins's connection with the War Office dates back to 1912, when he was associated with administrative work there.

Mr. John Minnis, who is retiring from the management of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' railway station bookstall at Hull, has completed fifty years of work at various station bookstalls in Yorkshire. Before starting in Yorkshire he was put in charge of the bookstall at Hitchin in 1867, where Bulwer Lytton was one of his customers. He was promoted to Malton in 1869, and in 1881 to Harrogate, where his regular patrons included Hawley Smart, Coningsby Disraeli, Henry Labouchere, Joseph Cowen, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, Dr. Guinness Rogers, and the Marquess of Bute. "The Harrogate gentry," Mr. Minnis told an interviewer, "were keen on the three volume novel at 31s. 6d.; the popular book prices were 3s. 6d. and 6s., and buyers of 2s. novels were looked upon as decidedly impecunious." Mr. Minnis has been in charge of the Hull bookstall since 1894, and will be greatly missed by the multitude of travellers who have so long had experience of his unfailing courtesy and friendly services

Mr. R. Austin Freeman,
whose new book, "The Great Portrait Mystery" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

Messrs. Harrap announce for this spring "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by Hermann Hagedorn, illustrated with photographs, caricatures, etc.; "Italy from Dante to Tasso," a new volume in their Great Nations series, by H. B. Cotterill; "The State: Historical and Practical Politics," by Woodrow Wilson, thoroughly revised to January, 1919, by the President's brother-in-law, Professor Edward Elliott, and "War in the Underseas," a record of submarine war, by Harold F. B. Wheeler.

The same firm is about to commence the publication of a new "Bilingual Series," which will include the best books of the world, giving the original text and its translation on opposite pages, with elucidatory foot-notes. The books are by French, Spanish, Italian, German and Russian authors, and some by English authors are translated, in different volumes, into all five of these languages. There will also be books devoted to dialogues and phrases for travellers and the man of business abroad. The series is under the editorship of Mr. J. E. Mansion.

Photo by F. A. Swaine.

Miss Amy J. Baker
(Mrs. Maynard Crawford),
whose new novel, "Tyrian Purple (John Long), is reviewed in this Number.

THE READER.

HUGH WALPOLE.

By Lewis Melville.

THE only thing that can reconcile a middle-aged critic to the success of a writer younger than himself is the knowledge that such success is well deserved. No one, therefore, however aged, will begrudge—though most will envy—the position in literature which Mr. Hugh Walpole at the age of thirty-four has secured. Mr. Walpole is one of the small band of living authors whose work has won for him at once the admiration of his literary brethren and a wide popularity with the general reading public.

Mr. Walpole, who is the son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, himself the author of some well-known theological works, was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He published his first book, "The Wooden Horse," in 1909, when he was twenty-five years of age; and he has produced a book every year since. He served in the Russian Army during the first years of the war; then acted as a King's Messenger; later went again to Petrograd to assist in putting the British case before the Russian public; and since his return to this country has worked in the Ministry of Information and the Foreign Office. For his services during the war he has been decorated with the Georgian Medal and has been created C.B.E.

Mr. Walpole has put his knowledge of Russia to good use, for he has made that country the scene of two of his best books, "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City." He has told these stories in the first person, but the narrator, John Durward, is not Mr. Walpole, nor are the other characters to be mistaken for photographic reproductions of Russians of his acquaintance: his characters are the creation of his brain. The only portrait in the book, the author has informed me, is the Rat. Neither in these nor in any other of his stories has Mr. Walpole depended for his characters on the people he has met or for his incidents on events that have happened to him. Just as some few people have assumed that John Durward is Mr. Walpole, so others have assumed that "Fortitude" is autobiographical. "Fortitude" is purely fiction, except for a few London episodes.

Mr. Walpole creates his characters, and they are so real to him that he cannot and will not part from them. Even as Swift, when he had finished a letter to Stella, always wrote a few lines of the next so as not to let go of her dear hand, so Mr. Walpole never quite loses touch with the men and women he has brought to life, and he brings them in again and again in different books. I have in front of me a statement in his own handwriting that in this matter he is unrepentant and intends to go on doing this until he dies. Thackeray and Dumas have done this, and so have Trollope and other eminent novelists; and why should not Mr. Walpole? It pleases him, and the wide circle of his readers are delighted to meet their old friends. Thus, to take one instance, the hero of "Maradick at Forty" strolls casually into "Fortitude." There he gives utterance to a remark which, I trow, must be vastly disconcerting to men of letters who look upon their calling as something sacrosanct: "Imagination hasn't anything to do with one's profession. I expect there's as much imagination among the Stock Exchange men as there is with you literary people—only it's expressed differently." The only comfort is that "Stock Exchange men" will deny this with even more fervour than the "literary people"—a stockbroker with imagination would frighten even the most audacious speculator in margins.

It is not to be thought, however, that Mr. Walpole thinks lightly of his calling. On the contrary, he takes it very seriously. He has given utterance to a splendid confession of literary faith—a confession not less personal because he has put it into the mouth of Henry Galleon, the author of "Henry Lessingham" and "The Roads," "whose face one saw in the papers as one saw the face of Royalty." Thus Henry Galleon to Peter Westcott, the brilliant young man whose novel, "Reuben Hallard," secured instant recognition for his genius:

"I am an old man now and only twice before in my time have I seen that spirit in the young man's eyes. You may remember now an old man's words—for I would urge you, I would implore you to keep nothing before you but the one thing that can bring Life into Art. I will not speak to you of the sacredness of your calling. Many will laugh at you and tell you that is pretentious to have it so. Others will come to you, and will advise you how this is to be done and how that is to be done. Others will talk to you of schools, they will tell you that once it was in that manner and that now it is in this manner. Some will tell you that you have no style—others will tell you that you have too much. Some again will tempt you with money, and money is not to be despised. Again you will be tested with photographs and paragraphs, with lectures and public dinners. . . . Worst of all, there will come to you terrible hours when you yourself know of a sure certainty that your work is worthless. In your middle age a great barrenness will come upon you. You have been a little teller of little tales, and on every side of you there will be others who have striven for other prizes and have won them. Sitting alone in your room with your poor strands of coloured silk that had once been intended to make so beautiful a pattern, poor boy, you will know that you have failed. That will be a very dreadful hour—the only power that can meet it is a blind and deaf courage. Courage is the only thing that we are here to show—the hour will pass. . .

"Against all the temptations, against those vices of the World and the Flesh, against the glory of power and the swinging hammer of success, you, sitting quietly in your rooms, must remember that a great charge has been given you, that you are here for one thing and one thing only—to listen. The whole duty of Art is listening to the voice of God. . . .

"You are here to listen. Never mind if they tell you that story-telling is a cheap thing, a popular thing, a mean thing. It is the instrument that is given to you, and if when you come to die you know that, for brief moments, you have heard, and that you have heard you have written, Life has been justified.

XUM

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Hugh Walpole.

"Nothing else can console you, nothing else can comfort you. There must be restraint, austerity, discipline—words must come to you easily, but only because life has come to you with so great a pain . . . the Artist's life is the harshest that God can give to a man. Make no mistake about that. Fortitude is the Artist's only weapon of defence."

In the ten years during which Mr. Walpole has been writing he has presented the world with ten novels, most of which are of a very high order of merit. All are good, and some are exceptionally good. "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"—called, I notice, in the American edition, "The Gods and Mr. Perrin"—is an extraordinarily able study of the life of the masters at a small school. "The Dark Forest" is a "study in place," the scene being laid in Russia. "The Duchess of Wrexe" and "The Green Mirror" are studies of family life, and both are admirable. The best book from Mr. Walpole's pen is the last to appear—"The Secret City," the scene being Petrograd during the Revolution.

Mr. Walpole has many gifts. He has style, passion, and pathos, grim humour and a sense of tragedy; his plots are good; his characters always well presented and original; but it is a power of enveloping story and character in atmosphere that is Mr. Walpole's greatest asset, and that which places him on a higher plane than most of his contemporaries. When reading his books you are not just a reader of novels, looking on at the performance of puppets from an arm-chair in front of the fire; you are on the spot, moving absorbed among the creatures of flesh and blood that have been conjured up before you. You are not reading a novel in St. John's Wood: you are actually in Beauminster House, sympathising with Rachel Breton, loving Lord John, and nearly as afraid as they are of the Duchess of Wrexe, that terrible, wonderful *grande dame*, of whom Brun says, "There'll never be anything like her again. As far as your England is concerned she's the very, very last, and when she goes a heap of things will go with her. There'll be other Principalities and Powers, but never *that* Power." You are not whiling away an hour over a book in the train; you are living with Peter Westcott in the dread terrors of Scaw House at Treliss and grimly amused at the hotel in that same place, during the month, with the Gales, the Maradicks, the Lessers, and the other folk in "Maradick at Forty" who go there and are affected by the Cornish devils. Reading about Treliss one would say Mr. Walpole was a Cornishman, if it were not for the fact that when you are reading about London in his books you are sure that he is a Londoner. When you have decided, on such internal evidence, first that he is a Cornishman, and then that he is a Londoner, you read such a passage as the following description of Petrograd from "The Secret City" and have no doubt whatever that he is a Russian.

"I seemed to step into a city ablaze with a sinister glory. If that appears melodramatic I can only say that the dazzling winter weather of those weeks was melodramatic. Never before had I seen the huge buildings tower so high, never before felt the shadows so vast, the squares and streets so limitless in their capacity for swallowing light and colour The sky was a bitter changeless blue; the buildings black; the snow and ice, glittering with purple and gold, swept by vast swinging shadows as though huge doors opened and shut in heaven, or monstrous birds hovered, their wings spread, motionless in the limitless space.

"And all this had, as ever, nothing to do with human life. The little courtyards with their woodstacks and their coloured houses, carts and the cobbled squares and the little stumpy trees that bordered the canals and the little wooden huts beside the bridges with their candles and fruit—these were human and friendly and good, but they had their precarious condition like the rest of us.

"On the first afternoon of my new liberty I found myself in the Nevski Prospect, bewildered by the crowds and the talk and trams and motors and carts that passed in unending sequence up and down the long street. Standing at the corner of the Sadovia and the Nevski one was carried straight to the point of the golden spire that guarded the farther end of the great street. All was gold, the surface of the road was like a golden stream, the canal was gold, the thin spire caught into its piercing line all the colour of the swiftly fading afternoon; the wheels of the carriages gleamed, the flower-baskets of the women glittered like shining foam, the snow flung its crystal colour into the air like thin fire dim before the sun. The street seemed to have gathered on to its pavements the citizens of every country under the sun. Tartars, Mongols, Little Russians, Chinamen, Japanese, French officers, British officers, peasants and fashionable women, schoolboys, officials, actors and artists and business men and priests and sailors and beggars and hawkers and, guarding them all, friendly, urbane, filled with a pleasant self-importance that seemed at that hour the simplest and easiest of attitudes, the Police. 'Rum—rum—rum—whirr—whirr—whirr'—like the regular beat of a shuttle the hum rose and fell, as the sun faded into rosy mist and white vapours stole above the still canals."

Mr. Walpole's scenes take hold of you, and you cannot dismiss them from your mind—Scaw House, Beauminster House, the Trenchards' home at Rundle Street, Westminster, Mrs. Brockett's boarding-house in Bloomsbury, the masters' common-room at that detestable school of Moy-Thompson; the Marcovitch's flat at Petrograd, and the quaint lodgings of John Durward in that same city. And as with the *mise en scène*, so with the characters. You are impatient with Clare Elizabeth Rossiter, who will be happy and won't be worried; you are suspicious all the time of "Cards"; your heart goes out to Norah Monogue and Stephen Brant; you feel the uncanniness of Morelli; the madness of Perrin; the strength of Grandfather Trenchard and Great Aunt Sarah, and the charm of Katherine Trenchard, of Janet Morelli, of Marie Ivanovna and of Vera Marcovitch; and the cheerfulness of Tony Gale. They are all alive and you live with them. Together they form a notable gallery of whom any novelist might well be proud.

Mr. Walpole gets his effects without apparent effort. He uses mystery; he introduces a suggestion of the supernatural; his most effective weapon is silence—the silence at Scaw House, the Russian silence. Yet these are only *en passant*. Though often on the verge of tragedy, there is always in the background the note of optimism as once voiced by old Frosted Moses in the warm corner by the door: "'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it." This is the key-note of life as Mr. Walpole sees it. It is this which inspires Peter Westcott in his dark hours; it is this which saves James Maradick from ruining himself and Mrs. Lesser; it is this which is the motto alike of the Duchess of Wrexe and Rachel Breton; and which underlies the life of Vera Markovitch and Henry Bohun. "'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it."

In "The Secret City" Mr. Walpole has gathered together his forces and produced his best book. Tragic it is—as any book must be that has as its background Russia during the Revolution; but it is the tragedy that saddens, not the tragedy that depresses. In this novel, we have a presentation of Russia as it really is, with real Russians, not lay figures. We have the idealism of the Russian, and we see the idealists run riot into the very jaws of ruin. We see the Revolution poisoning family life, and driving the crowds to madness. The atmosphere is stronger than the people, who cannot resist it. Grogoff, Nina, Marcovitch, all are drawn into it. Semyonov alone is superior to it, using it for his personal ends—Semyonov the sensualist whose life is ruined by his love for a woman who escapes him by an untimely death. Yet all through the book there is the sense that from out of the ruins a new and better Russia will arise, that Russia will after much tribulation find itself and emerge triumphant.

It is too soon to attempt anything in the nature of a final estimate of Mr. Walpole as a novelist, for he is, it is to be hoped, at the beginning of his career. He has gone so far in the ten years of his literary life, that it would be a bold critic who would say that thus far will he go and no farther. He has learnt something every year, and good as are "Maradick at Forty" and "Fortitude," yet "The Green Mirror" and "The Secret City" are books vastly greater, for in them Mr. Walpole sees life on a wider plain and wields his gifts with a stronger hand.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

By S. M. Ellis.

ALTHOUGH lacking any particular distinction in literary style, and not free from bias and partisanship in historical judgment, it will nevertheless be conceded that the sisters Agnes and Elizabeth Strickland were pre-eminent as female historians in their generation. No other writers of their sex could claim to be historians in the real sense of the word: many other women produced excellent memoirs of the "scissors and paste" order, but they made no pretension to research among original and archaic documents. The Stricklands—Agnes in particular—have rarely been surpassed by any historian, of either sex, in diligence of research and a really remarkable *flair* for discovering documentary evidence of historical importance in forgotten archives. Even now, Agnes Strickland is not sufficiently credited with the great value of the historical and archæological data she gleaned from ancient French manuscripts concerning the lives of the early Queens Consort of England, of whom practically nothing was known in this country prior to her biographies. Her research among the original material relating to Mary Queen of Scots has, it is true, received more tribute. Whyte-Melville, for instance, dedicated his historical novel, "The Queen's Maries," in 1862, "To a lady whose untiring energy and historical research have added largely to the literature of our country, and whose eloquent defence of a calumniated Queen has identified with Mary Stuart the name of Agnes Strickland."

The very limitations of Agnes Strickland as a stylist add to the charm of her biographies. She is no cold narrator in stately and polished prose of impartial history; warm in partisanship, with feminine sympathy, and an intense realisation of the pathos and tears of Life, she gives the human touch when at her best in the lives of those queens who were most unhappy and the victims of fate—Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Mary Stuart, and Mary Beatrice.

Agnes Strickland in 1848.
From the portrait by Hayes now in the National Portrait Gallery.

The literary style of Elizabeth Strickland was much more masculine and free from personal sentiment. She was a curious remote woman, who early in life decided to leave her home and live alone in London (an early pioneer of feminine liberty). All her literary work was produced anonymously; she desired no fame or adulation. Although she never allowed her name to appear in connection with the books she wrote in collaboration with her sister, it must be remembered that to "The Queens of England" alone she contributed twenty of the biographies, including those of Mary Tudor, Mary II., and Anne. However, as she ever disliked publicity of any kind, this memoir is confined to the career of her sister historian who was temperamentally her opposite in every way, and enjoyed society and literary fame.

Agnes, born in London on August 19th, 1796, was the second surviving daughter of Thomas Strickland, manager of the Greenland Docks, by his second wife, Elizabeth Homer. Agnes Strickland liked to think that her family was a branch of the Stricklands of Sizergh Castle, Westmorland. There does not seem to be any authentic evidence to establish the point, but in all probability the two families were connected and of the same origin, for both were seated in the same district of the north-west of England.

The first traceable ancestor of the historian was a certain Robert Strickland of Light Haugh—Furness Fells—in the time of Henry VIII. His grandson Samuel was buried at Hawkshead in 1687. The latter

Reydon Hall, Suffolk.
Where Agnes Strickland wrote "The Queens of England."
From a contemporary painting in the possession of Mr. G. A. Strickland.

had two sons. The elder followed the exiled Stuarts to St. Germain (as did many of the Stricklands of Sizergh); he later went to Spain in the cause of the Bourbons and was supposed to have been killed at Almanza. But twenty-eight years afterwards he returned to England and successfully claimed the family property, which had naturally passed to his younger brother. This brother, Thomas, of Colton, had married Agnes Taylor of Finsthwaite Hall, on the west bank of Lake Windermere, and their son Samuel, now portionless, came to London to seek his fortune in business. He in turn married Elizabeth Cotterell, a member of a Staffordshire family, also devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, and maternally descended from one of the Penderel brothers, who so materially aided the escape of King Charles II. at Boscobel. These were the grandparents of Agnes Strickland, who, it will be seen, had a pedigree of some historical interest and romance, whereby she inherited her life-long sentimental sympathy with the Stuarts and Jacobitism.

Agnes Strickland's early years were spent at The Laurels, Thorpe, Norwich, and at Stowe House, near Bungay. In 1808 the family removed to Reydon Hall, about two miles from Southwold on the Suffolk coast. In this ancient and picturesque house of Tudor characteristics, amid a charming rural setting, the young Stricklands—six sisters and two brothers—led a life somewhat like that of the Brontë children at Haworth a quarter of a century later. That is to say, they passed their time mainly in a romantic world of their own imagining, with story-telling and play-acting and first early attempts at literary composition in the way of tales and poems. But Reydon Hall was of course a far happier and more comfortable home than the bleak parsonage of the Yorkshire moors. The Stricklands were a healthy and merry little coterie, and their abode a place of romance for imaginative minds. There were mysterious garrets and cellars and devious stairways and recesses. Ghost stories innumerable attached to the Hall, and the noises of rats and the wailings of the wind in the great chimneys claimed a supernatural origin. In a huge chest were preserved old costumes and court dresses of the time of Queen Anne—invaluable for purposes of "dressing up"; there was a fine library containing many books which had belonged to Sir Isaac Newton (who was a grand-uncle of Thomas Strickland's first wife); and, finally, a great store of writing paper and quill pens (once the property of an uncle on the staff of the Bank of England), which provided the material essentials for literary lucubration. Five of the Strickland sisters achieved publication of their efforts a few years afterwards.

In the case of Agnes, her first composition to be printed was a Monody upon the Death of Princess Charlotte in 1817; but her first publication of note was a metrical tale entitled "Worcester Field, or The Cavalier" (1826). Other works, such as "Historical Tales," followed; and in the decade of 1829-1839 Agnes Strickland was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to *The Keepsake* and other annuals then at the zenith of their popularity. In 1835 she had some hopes of seeing the production of a play from her pen, for Macready notes in his Diary, 8th-10th May: "Read three acts of Miss Agnes Strickland's play; how much time I am forced to expend in this kind of unprofitable labour. . . . Wrote to Fred. Reynolds on Miss Strickland's play." And there, apparently, the matter ended.

In the meanwhile Elizabeth Strickland had become editor of *The Court Journal*, and for this paper she had written some short biographies of female sovereigns. These suggested to Agnes the idea of "The Lives of the Queens of England," and the vast work, in collaboration with her sister, was commenced. The first volume, with preface dated from Reydon Hall, December 16th, 1839, appeared early in 1840, and was dedicated by permission to Queen Victoria. It met with immediate success. But unfortunately Agnes, who had arranged for the publication of the work with Colburn, was ignorant of the peculiarities of publishing, and unfair advantage was taken of the fact. A settlement of the author's share in the receipts of the first volume was long delayed, and when it was proffered it proved to be paltry in amount.

Park Lane Cottage, Southwold.
The last home of Agnes Strickland.
Photograph sent by Mrs. Charles Foster.

Agnes fell ill from the effects of her hard work and disappointment at the financial results. After much wearisome negotiation, Colburn was compelled to make a new agreement with the sisters owing to the fortunate (for them) circumstance that he had hitherto been unaware of Elizabeth as a joint author in the work. For the new third volume £150 was paid, and the same sum for each succeeding one of the series. But even this was a ridiculously inadequate remuneration for work involving such tremendous research and labour. And the books were some of the most successful that Colburn ever published.

Agnes Strickland.
From the portrait by Cruikshank.

Although Agnes Strickland received but poor monetary reward for her labours, "The Queens of England" brought her instantly literary fame and social honours. She became a celebrity of the first degree. Everybody sought her acquaintance, and all the great houses of the kingdom were open to her. In those days the great territorial peers preserved a semi-royal state, and Agnes Strickland fully appreciated associating with the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire and Somerset, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Spencers, the Dundonalds, the Seafields, and the Blantyres. She was presented at Court by Lady Stourton (a niece of Edward Weld, the first husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert). The Queen asked for her autograph, as did countless other people. She met every one of note, including the Duke of Wellington, Brougham, Macaulay, Disraeli (who paid her many compliments on her work), and Guizot. Walter Scott and Campbell she had met in earlier years.

Agnes Strickland was fully able to maintain her well-won position. Without being exactly handsome she had a striking and aristocratic face, with fine dark eyes and hair, and an imposing presence. Her conversation of course was intellectual, as befitted one of wide reading and great historical knowledge. Her rather loud, drawling voice was a marked feature in *la parure de la célebrité*; but she was always agreeable, and never didactic and egoistic in the manner of some who have reached that sacred caste. There is interesting confirmation of Agnes Strickland's celebrity as early as 1842 when she was present at the "View" of Horace Walpole's collections at Strawberry Hill, prior to the famous sale by Robins. Referring to some exquisite miniatures there by Peter Oliver, the Whartons relate in their "Wits and Beaux of Society":

"How sadly, in referring to these invaluable pictures, does one's mind revert to the day when, before the hammer of Robins had resounded in these rooms—before his transcendent eloquence had been heard at Strawberry—Agnes Strickland, followed by all eyes, pondered over that group of portraits: how, as she slowly withdrew, we of the commonalty, scarce worthy to look, gathered around the spot again, and wondered at the perfect life, the perfect colouring, proportion, and keeping of those tiny vestiges of a bygone generation."

During the next thirty years life was very pleasant for Agnes Strickland. She was constantly engaged in literary work, varied by visits to France, Holland, and all parts of Britain, when she combined recreation with research for her books. She visited London every season, generally staying at 4, Hyde Park Place, with Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, the father of her great friend, the Duchesse de Gramont, and of Lady Dundonald. Her two other most intimate friends were Jane Porter and Georgina Stuart (Lady Buchanan).

After the completion of "The Queens of England," "The Lives of the Queens of Scotland" commenced to appear in 1850. The new work was published by Blackwood, who treated the authors in an honourable and courteous manner throughout. In Mary Queen of Scots, Agnes Strickland found her most congenial subject. "The Bachelor Kings of England" appeared in 1861; and when Agnes Strickland was presented, by his request, to the youthful Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) at a ball in Dublin, he assured her, apropos of this book, that he did not intend to be one of them. She describes the Prince as "a very pretty fellow, small in stature, but very well shaped, and dignified in appearance, though timid in manner. . . . He blushed and was a little agitated while speaking with me."

"The Lives of the Tudor Princesses" and "The Stuart Princesses" followed in 1868 and 1872. Agnes Strickland was the author of other books such as "The Seven Bishops," 1866; "Old Friends and New Acquaintances," 1860; and "How Will it End?" 1865. The last named was a novel for which Bentley paid her £250, although it had been commenced far back in her girlhood. She had only mediocre gifts as a tale-teller and a graceful touch in verse: her real talents found expression as an historian, and as such she will be remembered. In 1870 she received a Civil List pension of £100 a year in recognition of her services to literature, on the recommendation of Gladstone.

In 1865 the old home at Reydon Hall was broken up owing to the death of Mrs. Strickland, and Agnes went to live at Park Lane Cottage, Southwold, a pleasant house adjoining the extensive common and not far from the sea. There her last years were spent.

At first she was still able to visit London and the continent and her many friends; but in 1872 she had a serious fall down some stairs from the effects of which she never recovered. Some months later a paralytic stroke affected her speech and clouded her once brilliant intellect. Two years went by. She rallied at times and was able to walk out a little and visit her friends in Southwold. But her literary labours were over, and never again was she to take her place as the guest of honour at a London function or in some great country house. She bore her deprivations bravely and never complained at her changed and restricted existence. The days of celebrity were done, and after a period of terrible pain merciful death came on July 13th, 1874, when she had nearly completed her seventy-eighth year. She was buried in Southwold churchyard.

Thus ended the long and useful life of Agnes Strickland. She was an able historian and a kind-hearted woman, beloved alike by the poor of her locality in Suffolk and by numerous friends in all ranks of society and the world of letters.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best welcome to Cricket in four lines of original verse.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best parable in not more than two hundred words dealing with the objections to a League of Nations.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The Prize for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Violet Walker, of 11, Victoria Road, Whitehaven, and Cyril G. Taylor, of Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire, for the following:

THE DRYAD.

On this high bank above the lane,
  I saw a dryad, in the spring;
The sun was shining after rain,
  The birds had all begun to sing,
And at the turning of the way—
  The wood behind her leafing green—
I saw her face, sweet, strange, and gay,
  That no man else has ever seen.

Her hands were clasped around her knees,
  Her chin upon her knees was set;
Behind her were the budding trees,
  Her hair with April rain was wet.
She heard my step, she sprang aside,
  And fled into the woods again:—
How can I seek a village bride
  Who saw the dryad in the lane?

VIOLET WALKER.

THE PHANTOM FIDDLER.

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
  "Dance to my ghostly air!
My bow travels fast in the dear dim past
And the dancers wake to my lure at last,
  And laughter sounds on the stair!
Oh, I scrape, scrape, and the swift feet shape
  To the strains that I beg or borrow!
For I fiddle the tunes of Yesterday,
And I fiddle and fiddle the guests away
  In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
  "Dance—and the four sweet strings
That bend with a will to my brave bow still
Shall sing to the heart with the old-time thrill
  When lovers were queens and kings!
Oh, I scrape, scrape, and the hours escape
  To a rhythm that laughs at sorrow!
For I fiddle the tunes of Yesterday,
And I fiddle and fiddle the guests away
  In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

"Dance—Dance!" cries the phantom fiddler,
  "Dance to my fiddle-de-dee!
Till the light feet trip and the fond lips sip
Of the honey that dwells in the years that slip
  From the prison of memory!
Oh, I scrape, scrape, and many a jape
  From the revel of youth I borrow!
For I fiddle the tunes of Yesterday,
And I fiddle and fiddle the guests away
  In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

" Dance—Dance ! " cries the phantom fiddler,
" Dance . . . for the night grows old,
And carriages wait at the dawn-dark gate
And a spectral hoof beats late—late—late,
On the high road crisp and cold !
Soon I must drape with my long black cape
The fiddle that laughs at sorrow,
And bind with a ribbon of Yesterday,
From the hair ot a bride of Yesterday,
The ghostly airs that I play, play, play,
In the dream-dust house of To-morrow."

CYRIL G. TAYLOR.

We also select for printing :

SHELL SHOCK.

They left the life their youth had known,
They plumbed the soundless depths of Hell,
For all the world had hope alone
In men that fought and men that fell.

The car of triumph onward rolls
And now, O God in Pity's guise,
Take Thou remembrance from their souls,
Take Thou the Vision from their eyes !

The veils were rent, the pillars fell,
We saw the gloom and fear and pain,
The men we loved went down to Hell
And rose to tread the earth again.

Beside the living men that knew
There stands a gruesome shadow yet,
They would forget their glory too,
If only, God, they might forget !

Remembering still, without release
From horror haunting heart and brain,
Can they believe in joy and peace ?
Can we build up the world again ?

(Mary Warner, 34, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.)

TO—— (A WANDERER'S SONG.)

Eternal hills beyond man's farthest reach,
Silent and vast, mysterious and cold ;
And sun-scorched plains, and endless treks that fold
And melt into the mist ; hyena's screech,
The lion's roar, and sob of wounded bird ;
Blue wood-smoke's curl against the waning light ;
The quiv'ring palm that whispers to the night :—
These have I known, and felt, and seen, and heard,
And even loved—but often do I long
For half-forgotten things, for quiet fields,
Rose-haunted lanes, the glory Autumn yields,
Old faces, and thy once sweet, wondrous song !

(Malcolm Hemphrey, B.E.F., East Africa.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent by G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green, N.), John van Druten (Gerrard's Cross), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), A. M. Christie (London, N.W.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Captain A. N. B. Papillon (Bangalore), Enid D. Wright (Chelsea, S.W.), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), Josephine Allan (Knaresborough), Barbara Storey (Truro), R. Howard (Kingston Hill), A. D. Somerville (Edmonton, N.), "Darien" (Lutterworth), George B. Butt (Mitcham), Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon, S.W.), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Anna M. Keir (Musselburgh), Derezinska (Paris), A. P. Fonesca (Karachi), Beryl Carter (Earl's Court, S.W.), R. Scott Frayn (Grassington), Elsie Kendall (Askrigg), Henry Baxter (Heaphem), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), E. C. Leith (Ventnor), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Grahamstown, South Africa), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Leslie John Richards (Jarrow-on-Tyne), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), E. Beechey (Bristol), Eleanor Preston (Bedford), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), Elaine M. Catley (Twickenham), F. M. Fletcher (Highbury), Marie R. Ross (Bristol), Constance Goodwin (Clapham Common, S.W.), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), D. G. C. (Toronto), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), Margaret Brooking (Gloucester), Sydney Berry (Elmham), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate, E.), Priscilla (Celbridge), Gladys Benefield (Bishop's Stortford), Wilma Buckley (St. Clears), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Margaret M. Tomson (Luton), D. E. Sennitt (Harlesden, N.W.), Lillian Chapman (Chelsea, S.W.), M. Hayward Potter (Taunton), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. J. W. Haliday (Merton Park, S.W.), Robert W. Fenton (Birstall) Mary C. Mair (Bristol), M. Smyth (Bournemouth), Phyllis Green (London, W.), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Dorothy M. Barter Snow (West Malling), R. S. Baker (Dudley), Miss Bachelder (Aukland), E. M. Gittens (Strawberry Hill), Violet C. Adlard (Balham, S.W.) Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), M. B. (Calne), E. Roberts (Lower Tottenham, N.), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), G. Woledge (Leeds), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Kathleen Laurie (Wimbledon Park, S.W.), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), Kathleen Morrison (Glasgow), Winifred Edith Dimmock (East Putney, S.W.), Netta Pollock (Glasgow), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), David Collins Wren (Whitehaven), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill, N.), Harold Matthews (Worcester), Annie Simpson (Aberfeldy), G. F. Joy (Lee-on-the-Solent), Freda J. Philips (London, N.), Billy Garlique (Bristol), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Nina M. Cook (Barnsley), Doreen Dillon Lee, S.E.), A. G. Thomas (Bangor), Blanche Melville Peirse (London, S.W.), E. Mayo (Coventry), Margery Symons (London, S.W.), Rev. Frank J. Powell (Liverpool), John T. Nield (Dewsbury), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Frank H. Elgie (Bayswater, W.), Lorna Keeling Collard (Somerset), George Savill (Brockley, S.W.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Kathleen E. Douglas, of Ranger's Lodge, Milford, Salisbury, Wilts, for the following :

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. BY LEONARD MERRICK. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
" ' Tipping the wink ' to him was heathen Greek."
KEATS, *Stanzas on Charles A. Brown.*

We also select for printing :

MORNING JOY. BY RACHEL S. MACNAMARA. (Hurst & Blackett.)
" Oh, bed ! oh, bed ! delicious bed ! "
T. HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg (Her Dream).*
(W. Crampton, 43, Urmston Lane, Stratford, Lancs.)

THE TUNNEL. BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. (Duckworth.)
" Says she, ' Don't hitch so close to me.' "
C. B. WADE, *Shy and Simple.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

MIDAS AND SON. BY STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Methuen.)
" We 'ave got 'old of the needful."
RUDYARD KIPLING, " *M. I.*"
(Geoffrey H. Wells, 14, Essich Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.)

III.—This Prize is divided and Two Books awarded to G. F. A. Salmon, of Tregoney, Lannoweth Road, Penzance, and Two Books to Isabel Maver, of 5, Coolidge Road, Folkestone, for the following :

EPITAPH ON WAR BREAD.

Gone, but ne'er to " rise " again,
Since the nations now decree,
After all the stress and strain,
War-" fare " never more shall be.

G. F. A. SALMON.

Reader! put no flour on my mould; on my grave gaily tread.
I wish less crusty I had been, and had been better bread.
I trust I shall not rise again (I little rose before).
So Reader! pass, and pray that you may never knead me more.

ISABEL MAVER.

From the very large number of replies received we select for special commendation the twenty by Lieutenant C. H. Rolfe (Finchley), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), Captain A. R. Wiggins (Newcastle), E. Raven-Hart (Harleston), Joyce F. Powell (Liverpool), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Captain James R. Young (N.Z.E.F., Germany), Vera Stuart Staff (Crouch End), Alice Wise (Leicester), "Boomerang" (Edinburgh), Rev. Frank J. Powell (Liverpool), Frank R. Cooke (Leytonstone), E. J. Corke (Halifax), C. Smart (Swansea), Irene Wintle (Newport, I.O.W.), E. D. Burrin (Liverpool), C. M. Kidwell (Wallasey), Constance D. Porter (Woolacombe), M. M. Priestley (Malvern).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss M. Smyth, of "Pirbright," West Cliff, Bournemouth, for the following:

OLIVE OF SYLCOTE. By W. RILEY.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

Mr. Riley retains a happy knack of looking on the healthy side of things. In "Olive of Sylcote" environment and character have in common a grand simplicity. We feel on an intimate footing with Nidderdale and its inhabitants, so sure is the author's touch in portraying the details of human lives as they are affected by and lived on the great moors. There is nothing stereotyped about John, the hero, or Nathan Downes; they are vividly and cleverly described, as are the simple village people with their kindness and philosophy. A tonic, this, to the jaded novel reader.

We also select for printing:

GERMAN DAYS. By A POLISH GIRL. (John Murray.)

Here is an interesting description of middle-class life and education in Germany twelve years ago. The writer deals with the everyday experiences of the men, women and children, their customs, habits and education, Posen and Berlin being the centres of observation. The prevalence of militarism, the unequal standing of the sexes, the hardships of school life and the incongruities of the general administration, are all analysed and discussed. A truly astonishing revelation, and one marvels how honourable, and supposedly well-informed Englishmen, could ever have upheld, as an example to their own country, such a system of tyranny and suppression.
(Frederick Willmer, "Rose Lea," Mayhill, Ramsey, Isle of Man.)

FERNANDO. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (John Lane.)

As the writer states, this "is only a Preface—a preface to a book never to be written." He draws the curtain for us and we are privileged to look upon a particularly beautiful home life—though he wonders whether strangers will like it. And as we read we realise that we are privileged, following the story of a boy whose gentle loyalty to an ideal leads him, in sure conviction, on the threshold of manhood, to the haven where he would be.
(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

We select for special commendation the fourteen reviews by W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), G. Ralton Barnard (Leeds), B. E. Todd (Doncaster), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), M. Tombs Horton (Knutsford), W. Saunders (Edinburgh), Private R. C. Bodker (Streatham), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), D. Hare (Bath), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Helen Bruce (Boscombe), Harold Downs (Bath).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Annie Simpson, of Croit-a-Chein, Aberfeldy, Perthshire.

A BURNS MYSTERY SOLVED.

By DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.Scot.

IN nearly every modern edition of Burns's Poems there appears a piece entitled "Elegy on Stella." It was first introduced into the Burns fold in Macmillan's two volume Golden Treasury edition of 1865, the editor of which, Alexander Smith the poet, found the poem in Burns's handwriting, in a Common-place Book of the Bard's, which had been acquired by the publishers. This relic, known as the Edinburgh Common-place Book, to distinguish it from an earlier one which was privately printed in 1872, was published *in extenso* in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vols. 39-40 (1879). The manuscript is now in the Alloway Cottage Collection, having been purchased for £365 in 1897.

In transcribing the Elegy, Burns—who is supposed by Smith, on what grounds we know not, to have presented the manuscript volume to Mrs. Dunlop—did not claim authorship, but introduced it thus:

"The following poem is the work of some hapless unknown son of the Muses, who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of the 'voice of Cona' in his solitary mournful notes, and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language, they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet."

William Jack, who edited the Common-place Book for *Macmillan's Magazine*, in the course of a lengthy annotation of the Elegy, says:

"Alexander Smith is of the opinion that the poem is not by Burns. *Pace tanti viri*, I think it is. . . . Burns was perpetually writing Elegy. Nothing is more certain than that all through all his early life, he felt himself to be some hapless, unknown Son of the Muses, and that the 'voice of Cona,' the music of Ossian, full of the melancholy wail of the western waves, was often in his ears. As for the disclaimer of the authorship, Burns had previously tried that innocent mystification, like thousands of bashful authors before and since his day. . . . The much loved Stella of the poet is no doubt his Highland Mary, and Jean Armour, the mother of his children, still very dear to a heart for which one love was seldom sufficient, is the Vanessa of the dim background."

Mr. Jack further opined that the friend who was in Burns's thoughts "when he wrote the elegy," was probably Richard Brown (mentioned in the famous letter to Dr. Moore) whose sea perils, and the tender tragedy of poor Highland Mary, were probably both reflected in these mournful verses, which he ventured to think "no man but Burns then living could have written."

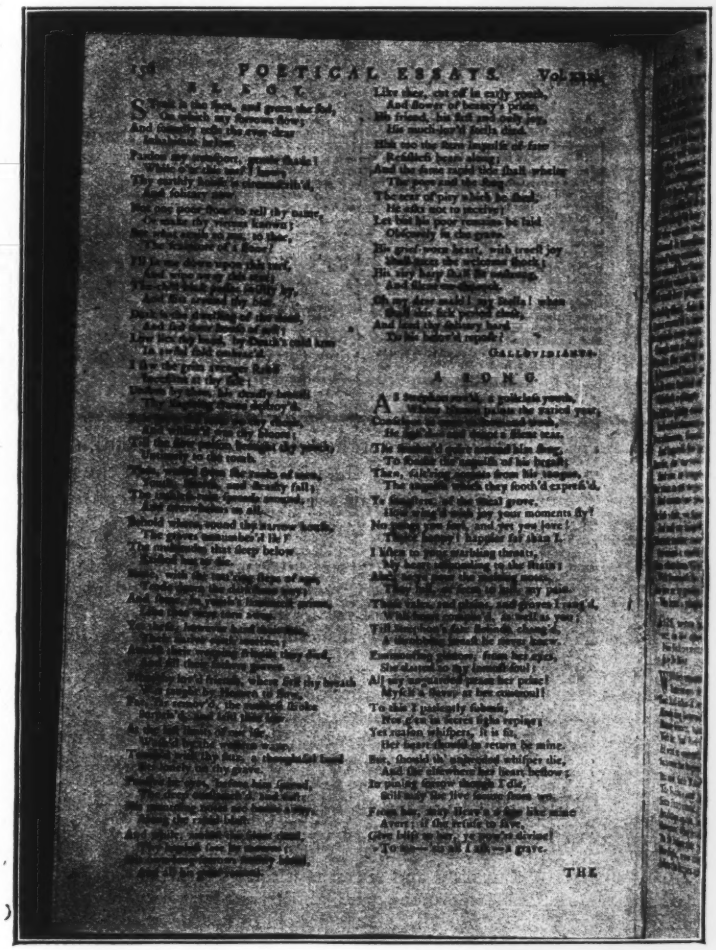
In a letter from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, dated July 8th, 1789, an epistle not to be found in any edition of the

Poet's Works, but included in the "Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop Correspondence" (Hodder & Stoughton, 1898), he once more transcribed the Elegy, introducing it in this fashion:

"I some time ago met with the following Elegy in MS., for I suppose it was never printed, and as I think it has many touches of the true tender, I shall make no apology for sending it you: perhaps you have not seen it.

[Here he transcribes the poem reproduced in facsimile below.]

I have marked the passages that strike me most. I like to do so in every book I read. . . ."



POETICAL ESSAYS. Vol. XXXI.

ELEGY.

Like thee, ere off in early youth
And flower of beauty's prime,
My friend, his fair one early left
Ere manhood's firmly climb.

Like you the flow'r untimely cut down
Reddock bears along,
And the dew mixed the shall wheling
The grove and the song.

The tear of joy which he shall
He only not to receive!
Let him your coming be laid
Obscurely in the grave.

Ye great ones heave, with proud joy
His very heart shall be redeem'd,
And sleep undisturb'd.

Oh my dear maid! my Stella! when
Shall you ask yourself shade,
And find the distance hard
To his beloved repose!

GALLOVIDIANUS.

A SONG.

A swain upon the a gentle youth
Whose blooming years the rapid year,
He, of the rose retains a blooming hue,
The [illegible] of his dear.
To [illegible] of his breast;
There, [illegible] from his tongues,
The [illegible] which they sooth'd expired.
To [illegible] green;
How [illegible] moments fly!
No [illegible] you feel, and yet you love!
[illegible] happier far than I.
I [illegible] starting tears,
[illegible] his pain!
[illegible] you [illegible] and [illegible] as you?
[illegible] his lover.
Enduring pangs from hopeless fire,
Bleeding on every [illegible]!
All my unwearied [illegible] pains!
Mock'd a thousand times!
To shun I patiently submit,
How [illegible] tears replies!
Yet reason whispers, it is fit,
Her heart should in return be mine.
But, should the [illegible] whisper die,
And the elsewhere her heart bestow;
In pining sorrow though I die,
Still may the joys [illegible] from me.
From her, may there a [illegible] mine
Averse, if she refuse to love,
Give [illegible] a [illegible] divine!
To [illegible] I ask—a grave.

THE

Facsimile of page from *The Scots Magazine*

containing the poem copied by Burns into the above Letter.

The ordinary inedited editions of Burns include this piece without comment, leaving it to be assumed that it is as authentic as "Tam o' Shanter." Editors generally, beginning with its sponsor, have looked upon it as doubtful. Smith says, "Still, the Elegy, so far at least as the editor is aware, exists no where else." In Henley and Henderson's Centenary Edition it is classed among the "Improbables" and the editors say there is no earthly reason for attributing the thing to Burns. William Wallace, who edited the Burns-Dunlop Correspondence, speaks of the poet's description of the origin of the Elegy on Stella as "mystifying."

The mystery seemed incapable of solution and, in spite of editorial doubts, there was the lurking idea that, after all, Burns might have composed the poem, for in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated December 17th, 1788, after transcribing *his* famous "Auld Lang Syne," he followed with these similarly mystifying words: "Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment!" Those familiar with the letters of Burns will recall other somewhat similar instances.

Assuming, however, that Burns was not repeating the "unknown poet" subterfuge in regard to the Stella Elegy, and that his two explanations, in addition to being consistent, were also correct, the fact that he supposed "it was never printed" was not calculated to encourage research. And yet, with a faith begotten of some kind of literary second-sight, I started, beginning with Volume I, 1739, searching through a set of *The Scots Magazine*, which I recently added to my "tool-books," full of the idea of finding this mysterious Elegy on Stella. And at last I found it. Here, on page 156 of Volume XXXI., March, 1769, *printed when Burns was a boy of ten*, was the identical poem, signed "Gallovidianus." Thus one more piece reckoned of doubtful authenticity is consigned with absolute certainty to the Burns Apocrypha, there to keep company with many other spurious poems, such as the "Lines on the Destruction of the Woods at Drumlanrig," which Mr. J. C. Ewing, in the Annual Burns Chronicle for 1919, conclusively proves were written by Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling."

"Gallovidianus" was a frequent contributor of poems to *The Scots Magazine*, between the years 1766 and 1772. In the former volume (p. 655) his first contribution, an "Ode to Contentment," is prefaced with a letter which shows that he was a University man, though of which seat of learning he was a graduate there is no sure indication—probably Edinburgh.

Stella figures in his second poem (February, 1767, p. 95), an Elegy, in which the hopeless lover despondently begins, "Then we must part," and bemoans her

> "father's rising wrath;
> And friends, who threaten with averted eyes,
> In lordly ranks, denouncing instant death."

Evidently Stella was of gentle birth—possibly even noble—while the poet, though a University man, was of humble parentage, for in the same Elegy he says:

> "No sounding titles told my humble name,
> No ray of birth illum'd my native night;
> Unseen I stood, a candidate for fame,
> And, unsupported, struggled into light."

In another Elegy (August, 1767, p. 435) Gallovidianus opens with the lines:

> "Oh! how unhappy is my fate!
> Since I was born with luckless stars;
> Beneath fell Saturn's sullen hate,
> Or the pale glance of fiery Mars."

In the issue of February, 1768 (p. 97), still another Elegy appears, pitched on the same minor key, and beginning, "Witness ye guardians of the rending heart." In this piece the miserable poet advises Stella in this manner:

"Stoop, then, my fair! debase thy towering mind;
For Heav'n that gave thee feeling, gave thee ore;
Yield that to this; let pomp to pomp be join'd,
Accept a lord, and think of me no more."

It would seem that Stella loved the poet, and must have avowed that she preferred him to the lord, for in the same old magazine (December, p. 652) Gallovidianus describes the tragic outcome in a poem headed like the others, "Elegy." It opens:

"While yet my thoughts are black as blackest night,
When no kind radiance cheers the gloom forlorn,
But heaven falls heavy on the straiten'd sight,
And lowring clouds and sweeping ghosts are born;

* * * * *

"Here let me pause and breathe—and think at large,
On all the crowding horrors of my state;
Resume my pencil, fearless to surcharge,
By Fancy's strokes, the picture of my fate.

"Where is my Stella now?—that generous maid,
Of late who bless'd my soul with hopes so fair;
Where now are all our glorious prospects fled,
Before this swift succession of despair?

"Ah! she is moaning o'er this scene of wo,
With hands uplifted, and with streaming eyes;
In silent pomp the sister's sorrows flow
Or pierce the air with long-lamenting cries!

"How shall I look up to that injur'd face,
Where truest love and softest passion stood!
Oh! how renew the lover's dear embrace,
In arms still dripping with her brother's blood."

Proceeding, the luckless Son of the Muses, explaining, says:

"Thy haughty brother brav'd me to the field,"

adding,

"For, Stella! know, thy lover dares proclaim
A high-born heart, a foot that will not fly."

Then, after describing the "vile upbraidings" of the brother, and calling Heaven to witness "what arts of peace" he try'd, he goes on, "But vain all arts, when human fury raves," and pictures the culmination of the tragedy in this stanza:

"With brandish'd point that lighten'd at my eyes,
He urg'd the breast which all his peace implor'd;
Nor shunned his fate, nor heard my warning cries,
But rush'd, delirious, on my shrinking sword."

Full of despair, Gallovidianus asks "all-conscious Heaven" to "make Stella happy":

"That flood of woe which swells her noble heart,
Repel that gloom which clouds her whitest hour;
May she sustain, unbroke, this hardest part,
And smile, serene, when all these storms are o'er."

But the tragic death of her brother killed by her lover and the consequent irretrievable shipwreck of their love, must have broken her tender heart, for

"His much-lov'd Stella died"

and the next Elegy of the series is the one admired by, and generally attributed to, Burns. Though it has been so termed, the poem in question is not strictly speaking an "Elegy on Stella" at all, for *she* is not "the ever dear inhabitant below" to whom the first fifteen verses are devoted, the poet's greater grief o'erflowing all, with the transition to Stella—"Like thee, cut off in early youth"—in the last five stanzas only.

However, in *The Scots Magazine* for January, 1770 (p. 36), there is an Elegy on Stella—the first of the series graced with a descriptive title, which is "The Death of Stella." In the opening stanzas the poet reproaches himself for being alive, then he gives wing to his Muse in these plaintive numbers:

"Oh she is gone for whom the valiant strove!
For whom the Graces pour'd their choicest store!
For whom the Muse her fairest garlands wove!
My friend, my lovely Stella is no more!

* * * * *

"We were two lovers!—join'd by wond'rous ties,
One will, one mutual soul we seem'd to share;
Not music's sounds in sweeter concord rise,
And every thought was unisonal there.

* * * * *

"For us the world no pause of quiet had known,
We came not, Kings! to trouble your repose;

* * * * *

"We only ask'd, in life's unnotic'd shade,
Retir'd from noise, to pass our mutual days;
For Pride's high scenes to tread the private glade,
Unseen by envy, and unknown to praise."

In the previous Elegy, Gallovidianus speaks of "her noble family," and another possible clue to identification—unless Stella and all the rest are creatures of the poet's fancy—is found in this same poem, where continuing he adjures her father thus:

"Come, haughty Baron! bending from thy state,
O'er youth, o'er love, and beauty, lowly laid;
Revolve the lot of man, the turns of fate,
And view the ruins which thy pride has made.

* * * * *

"What now avail the long trac'd rolls of fame,
Thy various titles, and thy shining store,
With all the pomp which lifts thy sounding name?
Thy son and lovely daughter are no more."

Still addressing Stella's father, the poet says, "Let us not raise the voice of vulgar wo,"

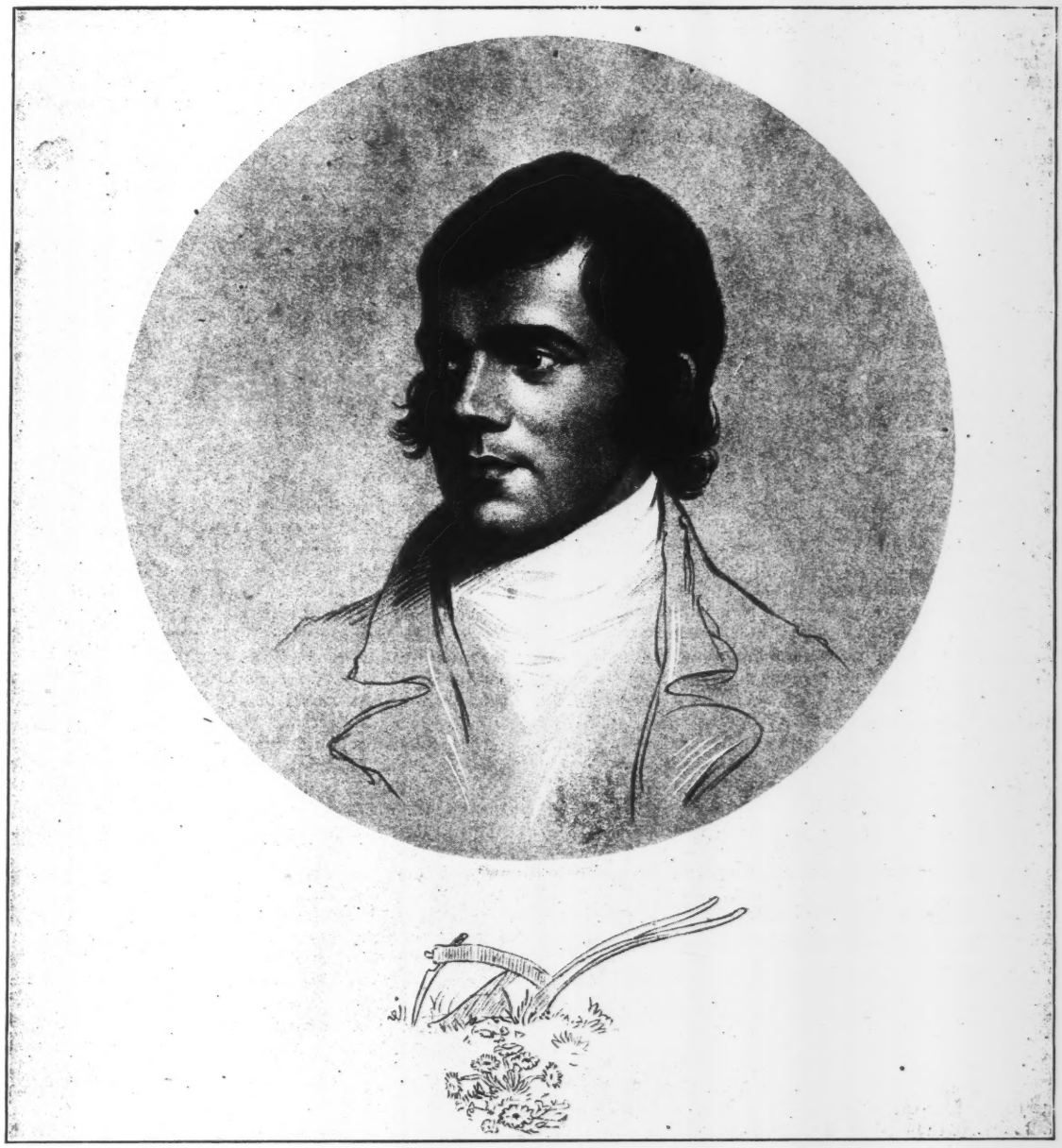
"But fix'd and silent as the laws of fate
Just to our grief, and to our purpose brave,
Let us, with hearts devoid of hostile hate,
At one dread moment, meet on Stella's grave.

"On that green spot where my lov'd mistress lies,
The blooming lover, and the hoary sire,
To one just fate, with rival vengeance, rise,
And on her ashes gloriously expire."

As far as *The Scots Magazine* reveals, the Muse of Gallovidianus is silent till November, 1770 (p. 615), which number has an "Elegy on the death of a very promising young gentleman." There follows an entirely blank year—the first since Gallovidianus became a contributor. What seems to be his last effort, an "Elegy on the death of a beautiful young lady," is found in the issue for February, 1772 (p. 94). Probably the poet died soon after that date, and was, in the words of his own desire:

"Laid obscurely in the grave."

XUM



From a drawing by Archibald Skirving.

Robert Burns.

Who Gallovidianus was remains a mystery, as does the identity of Stella, her haughty brother and her father, the Count. If a set of the magazine survives in the original covers some additional clues might be found. Even the British Museum set lacks the covers which, as they were frequently used for "Answers to Correspondents" and touched on contributions received and to appear, are of real importance to the seeker.

In the March Number, 1778 (p. 158), there is a song, "By the late Sam Cox., Esq." which seems to lend colour to the possibility that he was the man, for it begins:

"When Stella's charms first met my eye,
Whilst yet unknown her name,
A fault'ring tongue and tell-tale sigh
My passion did proclaim:

"But when her splendid birth I knew,
Ye Gods! how much I strove
The guilty passion to subdue,
And screen my heart from love."

Against this must be put the fact, obligingly communicated by the librarian of Edinburgh University, that Sam Cox was not a graduate of that, nor as far as he can learn, of any other Scots University.

Anyhow the Burns mystery is solved at last, and surely it is not too much to hope that in the rich literary archives of Edinburgh there may be found sufficient data to establish the identity of Gallovidianus and his Stella, thus enabling us, even at this late day, to cheat the Tide of Oblivion, which, in the words of that "hapless unknown Son of the Muses," would

". . . whelm
The Poet and the Song."

New Books.

THE AMERICAN LEAD.*

Our propagandists in the United States tell us that the pro-British people there are at pains to impress upon us that we must not talk of the Americans as Anglo-Saxons. They wish to be regarded as a new race with special qualities of their own, resulting from the admixture of all that is best in the many nations that have contributed to the stock that we ought now to call simply American. Admitting this, the fact remains that whatever the biological stock, it has been brought up on Anglo-Saxon models: its language, institutions and laws are Anglo-Saxon: it is impossible to get away from the fact that America has set in Anglo-Saxon moulds. It is for this reason that it is so important for the British to keep a watchful eye on whatever developments are taking place in America. Progress has been more rapid on the other side of the Atlantic than at home, so we have the advantage of seeing a little in advance how certain tendencies are likely to develop. America is continually making experiments, of which we, if we are wise, will make full use. No doubt the conditions on the two sides of the Atlantic are very different, and it is not denied that the American stock is far from identical with our own, but there is community enough to make it well worth our while to consider carefully books like the two now before us.

It is Theodore Roosevelt who says: "Professor Farrand has written a very unusual book. . . . Such as has not hitherto appeared, dealing with American history." One wonders what the ex-President had specially in mind. In all probability he was thinking of the lack of bias in the treatment, but British readers will not regard this as so unusual, since in the school-books on this side, American history has usually been presented in a very fair way. Indeed, some of our school-books were practically pro-American in all that concerned the War of Independence. This is not so wonderful after all, since that war was merely one of the series of revolts against tyranny by which our present freedom has been attained. Professor Farrand brings this out prominently in his treatment, by showing how the spirit of revolt was transferred to other fields, and was kept up in relation to the various forms of government in America itself.

One of the marked features of the book is the skill with which facts and generalisations are correlated. Enough of graphic detail is introduced to maintain the dramatic interest without obscuring the wide outlook necessary to understand the development as a whole. The generalisations on the other hand are illuminating, and are sufficiently supported by relevant facts. The ordinary British reader who knows American history only in the most general way will find enough material to enable him to follow the argument with intelligence, while if he happens to have a really good knowledge of the historical facts he will be gratified by finding in the text many new ways of interpreting well-known facts. The disappearance of the frontier is worked for all that it is worth, but Professor Farrand ends by convincing us that he is right. I am not so sure about his distinction between the love of money for its own sake, and for the sake of the success that it marks, nor is his gilding of materialism quite satisfactory. It is curious to find ourselves marked off from Europeans, but it is worth noting that an American historian writes: "the primary interest of Englishmen, as well as of Europeans."

Professor Farrand makes it abundantly clear that he appreciates "the ideal, so characteristically American, of better educational facilities available to all," and makes a capital case for its fundamental character by his frequent references to "the republican education which regards all the children as equals." The demand of the workmen, in 1839 at the meeting at Philadelphia, for absolute equality of educational facilities gets its right place in Professor Farrand's work, and receives striking illustration in Dr. Gray's presentation.

This smaller book takes up specifically the educational aspects of American development, and emphasises the demand of the people for practical applications. Dr. Gray can be very technical, as in his contrast between the Ettinger plan and the Gary system, but speaking generally he is eminently untechnical and clear. He realises the enormous possibilities in the General Education Board of New York, with its backing of $35,000,000 and its bias against the "old learning." But he is optimistic about the future, and reads into the "Opportunity School" of Denver a promise that will fill with dismay many of our educational people who used to speak contemptuously of "education *à la carte*," and who will no doubt now add "education while you wait"; for in that wonderful school "a large number of men and women attend evening classes in one or more special subjects in order to be more efficient the next day." Dr. Gray is very successful in getting at the really significant facts, and rightly lays great stress on the possibilities of the Corporation Schools and on the system of co-operation between the workshops

* "The Development of the United States." By Max Farrand. 10s. 6d. net. (Jack.)—"America at School and at Work." By H. B. Gray. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

and the higher schools, with a special emphasis on that new group of officials, the "co-ordinators."

These two books have a closer connection than would at first sight appear. Dr. Gray gives the facts as they are at the moment. Professor Farrand explains how they came to be so. Many of us have derived a certain consolation throughout the war by comparing it with the Civil War in America, and we have been cheered by the way in which the parallel has been maintained by the end of the great struggle. Professor Farrand's description of the period of reconstruction after the Civil War is full of interest and instruction at the present moment. Neither of these books can be neglected without loss.

John Adams.

ANOTHER SHEAF.*

"Sacred Work" is the title that Mr. Galsworthy has given to the first essay in his new "Sheaf"—an essay dealing with the duty we owe to the returned soldier. And "Sacred Work," interpreted in another sense, might be inscribed over each of the twelve papers that form this collection of moralisings on the difficulties and dangers, the sorrows and hopes, of a war-shattered world. For there is what one might almost call a sanctity of sincerity permeating every page of this volume. Mr. Galsworthy was always the champion of every good cause; he was always among those

"who know no rest
Because the world's wound aches so in their breast";

and he was always ready to fight every dragon that lay in the path of human progress. But, while most men allow the keen edge of their sympathies to be blunted by the passing years, time seems only to have quickened Mr. Galsworthy's fine sensitiveness and his passion for the social and moral salvation of mankind; and through no work that he has given us do these qualities move more like a hot breath of living fire than through the present volume.

It is this fire that gives distinction to a book not otherwise remarkable. Mr. Galsworthy's pleas, and his suggested reforms for the shaping of a better world, are not original. Others have demanded justice for the returned and scarred warrior; others have championed the League of Nations; others have preached a simplification of life; others have insisted that the chief hope—the only hope—for the future of our own country lies in an escape from the present insensate industrialism, and in a return to the Land. But Mr. Galsworthy's service to these ideals is not, as is too commonly the case with reformers, a mere lip service. It is a service of the heart and of the head, trained to work in perfect harmony—that harmony which is so rarely found among men, and the lack of which is responsible for so much of the world's suffering and error. Mr. Galsworthy is terribly in earnest; and so it is that his ideas, familiar as they are in themselves, yet strike the mind of the reader in a fresh and deeply moving way. Indeed, no one could well lay down this book without being impressed with a more vivid realisation of perils ahead, or without feeling aroused in him a new and high sense of duty. The coming years, if they are to carry us at all nearer to the Commonwealth of our dreams, will demand even greater sacrifices than the war has entailed. The real war is only just beginning, and Mr. Galsworthy refuses to cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. Thus, he should be avoided by those who pay their prophets to prophesy smooth things. He offers no solace for fools, nor any consolation for the muddle-headed or the vaguely pious. His book is a challenge to the reader—a challenge uncompromisingly stern, albeit so tender and warm-hearted—to cleanse his vision, to shake the dust of apathy from his shoes, to grasp his sword, and not to cease from mental strife until the world has been made safe for democracy, and democracy safe for the world.

* "Another Sheaf." By John Galsworthy. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

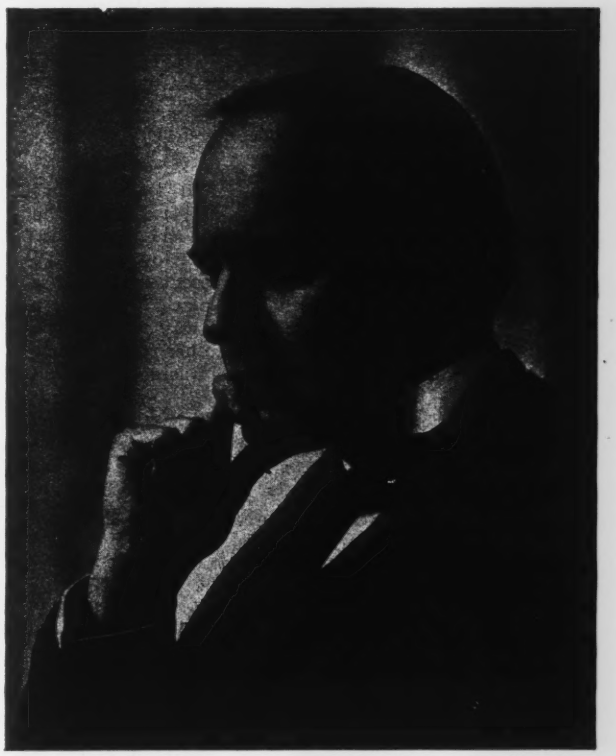


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

Of the two Galsworthy partners, it will be seen that Mr. Galsworthy the moralist has the larger share in the new volume; but Mr. Galsworthy the artist is not altogether a sleeping partner. The author's "Impressions of France," where he was recently engaged for a time in hospital work, abound in those vivid little portraits and landscapes which he can draw so well with a few strokes of the pen; while in the long fantasy of the year 1947, with which the book closes, art and morals attain a union that is rare in its happiness. Altogether, "Another Sheaf" is worthy of its lineage, and confirms one anew in the opinion that, alike in art and in morals, Mr. Galsworthy's work is among the sanest and most humanising influences of the day.

Gilbert Thomas.

SOME MODERN POETS.*

I am not sure that Miss Enid Bagnold does not draw better than she writes. There is a splendid vigour about the full-rigged galleons—if they are galleons—which scud with bellying sails across the covers (black on blue) of her comely pamphlet of verse; and the little drawings which interrupt her amusing foreword or *apologia* are witty and dainty. But she writes well too, and is at her best in the poem which she has chosen for her title-piece:

"I was a sailor sailing on sweet seas,
Trading in singing birds and humming bees. . . .
But now I sail no more before the breeze.
You were a pirate, met me on the sea,
You spoke with life behind you, suddenly:
You stepped upon my ship and spoke to me.
And while you took my hand and kissed my lips
You sank my ships! You sank my sailing ships!"

Nothing that follows has quite the same immediately haunting quality, but the whole book is full of distinction of thought and charm of expression; so that one hopes

* "The Sailing Ships." By Enid Bagnold. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Margaret Postgate's Poems." 2s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Wheels: A Third Cycle." Edited by Edith Sitwell. 4s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

there is nothing in the threat conveyed in the aforementioned preface that Miss Bagnold's first book of verse is to be her last.

On the other hand when Miss Margaret Postgate writes:

> "Because I am happy,
> You will get no set songs out of me,"

one can wish her, without reserve, a future of unbroken happiness. There is prettiness here and there in her writing, and when she is being flippant, rather in the manner of Ezra Pound, she is not unamusing. But her verses lack distinction, whether they be of love or of the war, her tone about which is one of resentment against certain hypothetical "captains in high places" who were responsible for it: one wonders by the way whether she realises that even those who do not share her point of view are capable of feeling the pity of the waste of life and youth.

The annual called "Wheels" has reached its third issue. Mr. Arnold James is, I fancy, a new member of the company portrayed on the end-papers by Don Alvaro de Guevara (who also contributes two translations from the Spanish) astride their pegasi and clad in what one presumes to be their singing, or cycling, robes. (Mr. Laurence Atkinson's cover-design, by the way, I give up; is it an aeroplane or a parson?) Otherwise, the contributors are the same as to the earlier volumes, and they display much the same characteristics. Miss Iris Tree still subjects her soul to an anxious scrutiny, some of which might with advantage be transferred to the laws of grammar. Mr. Aldous Huxley's poems, except one which is in French, are in prose, very reminiscent of the French symbolists. Those who remember "The Burning Wheel" will regret this change of medium and hope that it is only temporary. Mr. Sherard Vines is sentimentally satirical, though in "A Song for Grocers" he plays the part of a Herrick of modern commerce:

> "Heaven bless grocers' shops wherein
> Raisins are with tawny skin,
> Murrey wine, and green liqueurs,
> Curious spice in canisters,
> Honest ham, and mother tea. . . ."

and so on for a page and a half. The catalogue poem is very much in vogue; perhaps the fashion was set by Rupert Brooke's "Great Lover."

As for the rest of the contributors to "Wheels," Mr. Osbert Sitwell, with his fauns, is picturesque but not very remarkable, and Miss Elizabeth Sitwell bases an esoteric philosophy on the sensations of the switchback and the merry-go-round and expresses it in verse which at any rate runs easily and has a sort of shop-window attractiveness:

> "In the huge and glassy room
> Pantaloon with his tail-feather
> Spangled like the weather,
> Panached, too, with many a plume—
> Watched the monkey Fanfreluche
> Shivering in his gilded ruche
> Fawn upon the piano keys—
> Flutter till they answer back
> Through the scale of centuries
> Difference between white and black."

There is internal evidence that Miss Sitwell considers her method of writing poetry the literary equivalent of cubism in painting.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has undoubtedly better claims to consideration than any of his collaborators, at any rate on the evidence here presented. His verse is sometimes obscure or far-fetched, but he has a very considerable power of capturing and conveying an impression and in no small degree the art of making phrases which are so telling as to seem inevitable: "Grass like a parrot's wing"; "the snub-nosed honey-bees":

> "Silence, the cape of Death, lies heavy
> Round the bare shoulders of the hills."

But for the complete inevitable poem one searches in vain through the pages of "Wheels."

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A GREAT HUMORIST.*

It is hard to understand the blindness of the reading public to genius at any time, but it is peculiarly inexplicable when that genius manifests its art in the comic vein, for humour is at once the rarest and most sought after gift vouchsafed to man.

H. H. Munro has been quietly producing masterpieces in cameo for twenty years, but none save the most devoted adherents of the *Bystander*, the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Morning Post* seem to remember his work. Now that he is dead he may achieve recognition, for his posthumous book, "Toys of Peace," has been most successfully "boomed" and there is talk of a definitive edition appearing shortly. He was, it must be admitted, eclectic in his taste and made no more bid for popularity than he did for a "cushy" job in the war. In the one case he killed his chances of making a fortune or a reputation as a wit, in the second he was killed himself in France as a non-commissioned officer at an age when most men were content to win the war at home.

"Toys of Peace" is not his best work though it is quite characteristic. Only once or twice does he indulge in those scintillating verbal felicities which so delighted us in "Reginald," bizarre twists of phraseology like "we live in a series of rushes—like the infant Moses," "the cook was a good cook as cooks go; and as cooks go she went"; or "There are occasions when Reginald is caviare to the Colonel": his sense of simile is not quite so prodigal although it contains this one gem: "Nowadays the Salvation Army are spruce and jaunty and flamboyantly decorative, like a geranium bed with religious convictions."

For the best of his paradoxes, his Wilde-like epigrams, and his O. Henry-like climaxes we have to go back to "The Chronicles of Clovis" and "Beasts and Super-beasts."

But in the short story which gives its title to the book we see "Saki" once more master in a realm which he shares with a very few; Kenneth Grahame, Eric Parker, Barrie—and who else? Munro's understanding of children can only be explained by the fact that he was in many ways a child himself: his sketches betray a harshness, a love of practical jokes, a craze for animals of the most exotic breeds, a lack of mellow geniality that hint very strongly at the child in the man. Manhood has but placed in his hands a perfect sense of irony and withheld all other adult traits.

In "Toys of Peace" we are shown parents of pacific tendencies endeavouring to divert their children's taste from the lust of war to the excitements of peace by presenting them with toy ploughs in the place of guns, toy city councillors instead of toy soldiers, models of Mrs. Hemans, J. S. Mill and Herschel instead of famous Generals, and models of the Manchester branch of the Y.W.C.A. in the place of forts, with the result that shortly afterwards:

> "Peeping in through the doorway Harvey observed that the municipal dustbin had been pierced with holes to accommodate the muzzles of imaginary cannon. J. S. Mill had been dipped in red ink, and apparently stood for Marshal Saxe.
> "Louis orders his troops to surround the Y.W.C.A. and seize the lot of 'em: 'Once back at the Louvre and the girls are mine,' he exclaims. We must use Mrs. Hemans again for one of the girls: she says 'Never,' and stabs Marshal Saxe to the heart.
> "'He bleeds dreadfully,' exclaimed Bertie, splashing red ink liberally over the façade of the Association building."

Not even Henry James could have taken quite such pains to select names for his so exactly fitting characters: what sort of a name would you choose for an amiable young man without initiative who searches for a wife who won't make "tinkling" conversation over the tea-cups only to find, of course, that every woman does? How does James Cushat-Prinkley fit? Or Crispina Umberleigh for a martinet, or Octavian Ruttle for a keeper of chickens, Alethia Debchance for a girl of Jane Austenish upbringing, or Mark Mellowkent for a certain type of novelist?

* "Toys of Peace." By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). 7s. net. (John Lane.)

There is a pedantic precision about all "Saki's" work that reminds me of the acting of Gladys Ffolliot and Ada King; almost alone among actresses as these two are in the art of knowing how to gain effect by restraint, so is "Saki" almost alone among humorists in the art of slow careful enunciation as of a schoolmaster proving a proposition in geometry.

"There is a goat in my bedroom," observed the bishop.
"Really," I said, "another survivor? I thought all the other goats were done for."
"This particular goat is quite done for," he said, "it is being devoured by a leopard at the present moment. That is why I left the room; some animals resent being watched while they are eating."

In "The Mappined Life" we get for the first time near to the secret of a genius who did not unlock his heart. Here at last, behind the child, the buffoon, the satirist, the eclectic, the aristocrat, the elegant man of the world, we can trace the features of one who discovered that the only way to make life bearable was to laugh at it: "this world of routine" he would seem to be saying "is deadly: keep alive your irresponsible side; turn somersaults physically and mentally cut capers, and keep your eyes on the grotesque: in that alone lies salvation: once you get into your groove you might as well be dead."

With this definite mission in life he aims his barbs at foolish humanity straying pitiably from the paths where real happiness is possible. Meredith would have acclaimed him as a true master of the Comic: posterity will acknowledge him as one of our great writers: only his contemporaries ignored him and their apathy will not be to the credit of their critical ability.

S. P. B. MAIS.

THE BIOLOGY OF WAR.*

Professor G. F. Nicolai, whose adventurous escape by aeroplane from Germany to Denmark was one of the lighter dramatic episodes of the war, wrote his pacifist polemic during his imprisonment in the fortress of Graudenz. Opposed all his life to militarism, he has traversed his subject with Teutonic thoroughness, sometimes with Teutonic ponderosity, and has drawn up a most damning indictment against war showing that it has no right and reasonable place in the normal biological evolution of the human race.

A work of such comprehensive scope which discusses war not only in its biological, but also in its sociological, ethical and philosophical relations, cannot be adequately criticised, or summarised, in a brief review, and we must be content with a very general indication of its character.

The erudition of the book is almost aggressive; from cover to cover it is crammed with learning. Yet it is more than one of those laboriously learned compilations in which the Teuton rejoices; for it is evidently inspired by fervid personal feelings and convictions, and it is, to a large extent, founded on personal research and observation. There is sentiment in the author's science, and love in his learning; and he has the courage to think and to observe for himself, and even those who do not agree with his conclusions will appreciate his goodwill, his courage, and his honesty.

As an instance of his own original observations, we may cite his statement, that he found, on investigation, scarcely a single person of eminence who was procreated in war time, or whose father was a returned soldier. It is rather curious, however, that he does not comment, in this connection, on the increase in number of male children born in war time.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is Chapter II.—"War and the Struggle for Life." The title of the chapter is trite, yet Professor Nicolai's treatment of the subject is brilliant and illuminating. In this chapter the author points out that the struggle for existence, and for "a place in the sun" need not be so cruel and fratricidal, since there is "a place in the sun," and enough to eat, for a million times as many men as there are at present in the world. As is beginning to be realised to-day, not destruction but production is the remedy for over-population. What we have to learn is how to obtain and utilise the enormous amounts of energy still unutilised, and that is what science is ever teaching the world. Agriculture and machinery, which have played such a large part in this war, might by themselves prevent war altogether.

Take agriculture:

"Whereas each square metre of ground could accommodate 440 lbs. of living substance, in reality it supports only about 0·4 qrm. of human substance (that is, only $\frac{4}{1000}$ of what is possible), 10 qrms. of animal substance (that is, only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of what is possible), 1,000 qrms. of plant substance (that is, only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of what is possible)."

Dr. G. F. Nicolai.
From "The Biology of War" (Dent).

Still more illuminating is the following table from page 49:

"Population, in round numbers, which the earth could support at different periods:

Barbaric period	.. .. ..	100,000,000
Agrarian period	present	1,500,000,000
	maximum ..	20,000,000,000
Period of full utilisation of energy		3,000,000,000,000,000."

Take machinery. Even at present, about eight times as much labour is being done by coal as by human arms, and there is enough energy in Niagara alone to do a third of all human labour. Yet, there is no end to the possibilities of machinery in the future; and Professor Nicolai declares: "*a machinery victory is the only possible victory which Man can still win to-day.*"

We wonder, however, that Professor Nicolai forgot to mention the prodigious energy of the atom which we have still to learn to utilise. When Sir J. J. Thomson and his co-workers have taught us how to do this, every man will have thousands of horse-power at his disposal.

As we have said, Professor Nicolai discusses war from many other sides, and the following titles of some of the chapters will give an idea of his comprehensive outlook—"Selection by Means of War"; "How War is being Metamorphosed"; "The Different Species of Patriotism"; "Unjustifiable Jingoism"; "The Justification for a National Sentiment of Individuality"; "The War as an Organism"; "War and Poetry"; "War and Religion."

* "The Biology of War." By Professor G. F. Nicolai. 21s. net. (Dent.)

Professor Nicolai is unsparing in his attacks on Prussian militarism, on the pen-and-ink fury of the German journalists, and on the lies employed by the war party to provoke and perpetuate hatred. Such public condemnation of his own nation may seem unpatriotic, but surely a wise and true patriot not only loves what is good, but hates what is evil in his fatherland; and no one can read the author's chapters on patriotism without perceiving that his views on the question are sound and sane.

Perhaps the chief faults of the book are that it somewhat lacks unity and that its style is rather heavy.

The book was founded on material collected for lectures and it reads better as a series of lectures than as a connected book. Each chapter points the same moral and drives home the same lesson, that war is a blunder and a crime; and the effect is cumulative and summative; but the liaison between the chapters is not always apparent, nor are they always mutually exclusive. But this is not a great fault, and the other fault we have mentioned—the heaviness of the style—is not unfrequently mitigated by brilliant phrases almost Gallic in their trenchant precision. Thus:

"Struggle is everywhere: it is only the methods of carrying it on which vary. The fox's way of struggling with the hare is to eat it up; the hare's way of struggling with the deer is to eat up her food.

"The eater has really far less to do with regulating the numbers of the eaten than vice versa."

Professor Nicolai surely forgets the moon and the tides when, on page 45, he declares that "without the sun this earth would be a body ever in repose—the repose of death"; and it is strange to find him believing in the transmission of acquired characters, and stating that ancestral wars, and cannibalism, and other past experiences "have left indelible traces on the human soul."

The book is full of interest and inspiration, and is perhaps the most important work on the biology and sociology of war that has yet appeared from the pen of an anti-militarist.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE LAST POEMS OF EDWARD THOMAS.*

The Last Poems of Edward Thomas deepen the impression made by the volume published in the year of his death. Things that in the earlier book were sharp and vivid are made the sharper and more vivid, lights at first sudden and brilliant are the more sudden and brilliant, by the additional poems now issued. There is nothing new to say, but everything to say over again with clearer conviction and less need of expressing it. Much has been written concerning the acuteness of his observation, the knowledge that gave understanding to his observation and the English spirit that moves in many of the best of the poems; and nothing has been said in excess. To the present writer it seems that there is one aspect of the new volume which calls for notice beyond that given to it in the first volume—the singularly absorbed and unconscious presentation of the poet's own mind. He is to be read in his poetry as nowhere else—not in his prose, not in his friends' affectionate remembrance of him. Imaginative literature, and the art of poetry more than any other art, is of no significance if it fails to preserve and communicate as a living image—not as a cold photograph but as a breathing substance—the personality of the artist. That personality can be communicated indirectly through the character of others, as with Dostoieffsky, or through the character of a landscape, as with Thomas Hardy; or directly and without any such medium, as in these poems of Edward Thomas. Few poets have made so free and candid a revelation of their minds. He seldom speaks dramatically, and is at no pains to raise an illusion of representative speech. He is not a mouthpiece, but a man speaking with his own voice, and speaking of natural objects, of English things, of common sights and sounds, but with most passion of his own desires, despairs, loves, blindnesses, self-torturings, his own mental nights and flashing days. But there is no sense of egotism or of monotony, because he identifies so completely the thing seen with the mind that sees and gives you, when you read his own vision of the external world, clear, brief glimpses into that not less mingled, minute world which was himself. Hence there are poems which you will say are characteristically Edward Thomas's, and scenes in poems essentially his scenes; just as there are thoughts which are wholly his own thoughts. He is singular without making any effort to be singular; his poems attract because they are written for the ease and activity of his own changing spirit, and without a thought of how it strikes a contemporary. Hence their style is sometimes a little abnormal, their rhythm a little abrupt and uncertain; he uses inversion at times a little carelessly, or is too sudden in his transitions. Seldom is he other than clear, clear with a chill, silver dawn-light; for his purpose in writing is to make clearer what is dark to him, to give a body to the bodiless thought, to express and so to cure the fret of time, self and circumstance.

Isolated in spirit he cries:

"And now an ash grove far from those hills can bring
The same tranquillity in which I wander a ghost
With a ghostly gladness, as if I heard a girl sing

"The song of the Ash Grove soft as love uncrossed,
And then in a crowd or in distance it were lost,
But the moment unveiled something unwilling to die
And I had what most I desired, without search or desert or cost."

And when he hears an unknown bird:

"... I cannot tell
If truly never anything but fair
The days were when he sang, as now they seem.
This surely I know, that I who listened then,
Happy sometimes, sometimes suffering
A heavy body and a heavy heart,
Now straightway, if I think of it, become
Light as that bird wandering beyond my shore."

So brightness springs from perplexity. He has forgotten many dear things, but remembers one thing—"an empty thingless name":

"Because Spring after Spring
Some thrushes learn to say it as they sing ...
Over and over again, a pure thrush word."

After a night of frost, in the freshness of an early morning:

"I could sit
And think I had made the loveliness of prime,
Breathed its life into it and were its lord,
And no mind lived save this 'twixt clouds and rime.
... But the end fell like a bell."

The isolation and the stillness are resumed at the end of every poem. Pure ecstacy in this poet is rare, though secure, but he rises serenely to it here:

"Though I am like a river
At fall of evening while it seems that never
Has the sun lighted it or warmed it, while
Cross breezes cut the surface to a file,
This heart, some fraction of me, happily
Floats through the window even now to a tree
Down in the misting, dim-lit, quiet vale,
Not like a pewit that returns to wail
For something it has lost, but like a dove
That slants unswerving to its home and love.
There I find my rest, and through the dusk air
Flies what yet lives in me. Beauty is there."

Sometimes the expression becomes painful in its intimacy: the words are so quiet, the things so piercing. There are no apostrophes, no generalities, no formalities. When you turn from these personal things you will find the purest of natural beauty caught in its movement and vivacity, or in its rest as in "The Wasp Trap" with the round music of:

"Nothing on earth,
And in the heaven no star,
For pure brightness is worth
More than that jar,

* "Last Poems." By Edward Thomas. 4s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

"For wasps meant, now
A star—long may it swing
From the dead apple-bough,
So glistening."

In such poems as this he is disengaged from his passions and questions. The smells of digging and burning; a barn and its starlings—its thatch now dung for the grass; periwinkle crawling "with flowers in its hair into the wood"; the air that "triumphs with its two voices of wind and rain"; the aspens along the road of his own home; the roads that he knew and loved; finches, grasses, weeds—the whole vitality of earth and sense is his and is his theme.

And then in a few other poems he is identified not merely with the life of the fields and woods but with those who breathe this earthly air with him, "though I meet but stranger's eyes":

"Never again, perhaps, after to-morrow, shall
I see these homely streets, these church windows alight,
Not a man or woman or child among them all:
But it is All Friends' Night, a traveller's good-night."

It is a traveller's good-night that he bids us in these poems.

JOHN FREEMAN.

Dante and his Book.

By Domenico di Michelino.
From "Cambridge Readings in Literature." Edited by George Sampson (Cambridge University Press). Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

SIR JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER.*

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I., came of an old and distinguished family which has long been associated with Exeter. In the sixteenth century John Hooker was a famous Exeter man. He was the first Chamberlain of the city; he was the author of a work, still preserved in the city archives, on the antiquities of Exeter; he was the founder, under a charter from Queen Mary, of the first "Guild of Merchant Adventurers"; he was the kinsman of John Oxenham, Drake's comrade, and was the first Englishman to sail on the Pacific; he was an adventurer with Sir Peter Carew into Ireland where he became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1568; and, above all, he was the uncle and patron of Richard, the "Judicious" Hooker, whose educational expenses he paid for. The modern Hooker family traces its origin from Valentine Hooker, son of the Vicar of Caerhaye in Cornwall. A descendant of his, Joseph, seventh in line from John the famous Chamberlain, set up in business in Norwich in the late eighteenth century. He married Lydia Vincent, and so brought into the Hooker family that strain of artistic talent that was part of the heritage of his grandson, Joseph Dalton Hooker, Lydia Vincent was the cousin of George Vincent who, one of the lights of the Norwich School, had studied with J. S. Cotman and with J. B. Crome under "Old Crome." In 1785 was born to Joseph and Lydia Hooker their son William Jackson Hooker who, though eclipsed by the fame of his son, was himself an accomplished botanist. By his marriage with Maria Turner, daughter of Dawson Turner, the elder Hooker introduced into his son's stock yet more excellent blood; for Dawson Turner's mother was Elizabeth Cotman, and Dawson Turner himself, who was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and like Grote, Bagehot and Lubbock, was a banker with literary, artistic and scientific tastes, was a Fellow of the Linnean Society, of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Society.

William Jackson Hooker, who inherited a property from a relative, lost a good deal of money in running a brewery, and subsequently turned his knowledge of plants to account by becoming Professor of Botany at Glasgow University. Joseph Hooker was accordingly educated at the local High School and University, and brought up from his childhood among plants soon became an ardent student of botany. How in 1841 William Hooker came up to London to take up the position of Director of Kew Gardens, how in the forties Joseph Dalton, in the capacity of surgeon and naturalist, accompanied Captain Ross on his Antarctic expedition, how in the sixties he went to India with Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, and penetrated into Tibet, and how he obtained on these two journeys the specimens required for his two great papers, the "Essay on the Flora of the Antarctic" and the "Essay on the Vegetation of India," readers must discover for themselves from the pages of Mr. Leonard Huxley's "Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Dalton." What must, however, be pointed out is that both the Antarctic and the India expeditions were significant as the starting points only of Joseph Hooker's researches. What they procured him was merely the material for his investigations, which could only be carried to a successful issue by years of patient labour in the laboratory. "The fame of Joseph Hooker as a philosophical biologist" (says Professor F. O. Bowyer) "rests on his two masterly essays. But neither of these was a mere inspiration of the moment. They were the outcome of arduous journeys to observe and to collect and subsequently of careful analysis of the specimens and the facts." The dates of publication bear this out. The "Essay on the Antarctic Flora" appeared about twenty years after the completion of the voyage. The "Essay on the Vegetation of India" was not published till more than half a century after Hooker first set foot in India. Of Joseph Hooker's official honours, of his succession to his father's position at Kew Gardens, of his Presidency of the Royal Society, of his elevation to the Grand Cross of the Star of India, of his accession in the evening of his life to the Order of Merit, of the countless honours conferred on him by foreign governments and societies, on all these points we lack space to dilate. Nor can we dwell on the invaluable assistance which Hooker rendered to Darwin on the botanical side during fifteen of the twenty years in which the materials for "The Origin of Species" were being amassed. We may state, however, that soon after the death of Hooker he was

* "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, O.M., G.C.S.I." By Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

selected by the Japanese as "one of the twenty-nine heroes of the world that modern times have produced"; and we may claim for him that having in his "Flora Tasmaniae" maintained the mutability of species, and based his opinion, as Darwin stated, on "his own self-thought," he may justly be regarded as the protagonist among botanists of the doctrine of Evolution.

There is much more in these two delightful volumes than we can convey any hint of; particularly are they rich in the tale of Hooker's staunch friendships with those fixed stars of science, Darwin, Lyell, and Huxley. But we have said enough, we hope, to commend them to all those who would make the acquaintance of that rarity, a great man of science devoid of sectionalism and rancour and equipped with a charming personality.

A DISPENSER OF BALSAMS.*

In this collection of her latest war poems, supplemented by others of less tragical and "topical" interest, Mrs. Hinkson again shows herself the practised physician of a mind diseased. Those who want a skilled diagnosis of the disease must look elsewhere; there is here no attempt at analysis of the world's war fever, nor any suggestion for its prevention or cure. The dispensary, not the laboratory, is this healer's province: and within it she has few equals. Her balsams are of sovereign efficacy, and the herbs from which they are distilled have the fragrance which only the Muses' gardens can produce for the world's refreshing.

The various sections of the book give a clear index of its scope and aim, in its separate parts as in the coherent whole built up from them. "Myrrh and Amaranth," in commemorating the sacrifice of the heroic dead, touches it with something of the light of their immortality; nor forgets that other sacrifice of those who return from the horrors of a living death, with its scars on face and heart alike, even where both soul and body have escaped intact. "Love-Lies-Bleeding, with Woundwort"—how eloquent is the title, of both the pang and the relief! The "Pansies" are dream-flowers, heavy with the dew of dreams; thoughts or rather fancies (they lie too lightly for genuine thought's austerities and perplexities) of the girl's world unforgotten by the woman, of the mother's who gives her daughter in marriage; of house and garden, wind and colour and sunset light; of Dark Rosaleen, and of the last silence where even the "Song of Going" is gone. And the "Ladders to Heaven" are such as this Muse climbs with accustomed ease, by the rungs revealed only in the light seen from within and reflected from above.

Something of war-weariness—that cloud which brooded so heavily over the world till November's burst of sunshine dispelled it—has touched these poems; something depriving them of the enchanting spontaneity of the "Flower of Youth" volume, though the tender and gallant spirit of the singer is seen uncrushed, and in all essentials unchanged. The fascinating irregularities of the verse are here too: those syncopated notes which often achieve a charm beyond the skill of players in faultless *tempo*, though here and there a stricter discipline would be welcome. But what really matters is that here, as in the former war books, is the touch incomparable for healing; the tender hand laying wound-wort and heartsease on the scars of all the world. Here, for example, is availing comfort for the mothers of the untimely dead:

"... The wise lads, the dear lads, the pathway's dewy green
For the little Knights of Paradise of eighteen and nineteen;
They run the road to Heaven, they are singing as they go,
And the blood of their sacrifice has washed them white as snow.

"The young mothers' darlings, ah, who would bid them stay?
The short road to Heaven's a green and pleasant way;
They run singing and leaping, they will be in before
The night darkens on them—and there's God at the door."

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

* "Herb o' Grace." By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

WHAT MEN LIVE BY.*

Mr. W. L. George is plainly a Latin in temperament. That is to say, he is not romantic or sentimental or fuzzy like the usual Englishman, but precise, lucid, and logical like the usual Frenchman. His present volume, a collection of essays upon subjects of the day, deals with the matters that make people get hot in argument and demand academic impossibilities or enunciate obvious hypocrisies. But Mr. George's Christian name (undisclosed) is certainly not Hotairio. He is neither excited nor extreme, and he disdains hypocrisy as decisively as humbug. He puts down in quiet and reasonable print, not the exaggerations we pretend to believe in, but the compromises we have to live by.

It is good for us all to have writings of this calm and honest kind. No polity, no institution, no individual life exists wholesomely if there is an abyss between the theory and practice of conduct. The nation that pretends to have both a representative constitution and a divinely-appointed monarch finds itself ultimately in the present position of Germany. Honesty really is the best policy. If we habitually lie to ourselves, if we deliberately fill our minds with cant about the things that matter, we are committing that dim and deadly sin against the spirit. We may pray or we may not pray; we cannot pray with our tongues in our cheeks.

The future of the world depends upon the extent to which we can reconcile faith and conduct—that is to say, it depends upon our having principles by which we can live, and living by the principles we have. Samuel Butler put the matter with his usual inspired irreverence when he said (in effect) that the whole difficult duty of man consists in serving both God and Mammon. The unpardonable sin is to pretend that the worship of Mammon is really the worship of God.

Upon Nationality, Puritanism, Marriage, and the Position of Women, Mr. George discourses with the sane lucidity that befits "such a being as man in such a world as the present." We shall not all agree with everything he says, but that is unimportant; what we have to do is to ascertain what we think, and to agree with ourselves—much more difficult than to agree with our adversaries. Mr. George's topics, it will be observed, are the pet subjects of the hot-air merchants (Swift foresaw them, and called them the "Aeolists"), whose existence depends upon the extent to which they can fill the minds of their readers or auditors with the aggressive moral hypocrisy that is so fatal to principle and conduct in states and individuals alike. We may laugh at the stump orator; we must beware of the stunt orator. To poison the mind with cant is as criminal as to poison the body with cancer.

Mr. George strikes out some very quotable judgments, as when he remarks: "True love says, not 'Will you be mine?' but 'May I be yours?'" And thus: "People marry as casually as they learn to play golf, but they take more pains with golf." Often he provokes our question, and even our decided dissent, but he never leaves us in doubt about his meaning and his tendency. Perhaps the most generally attractive of the papers is that called "The Gentlest Art"—the art of keeping in love, the art of making marriage a success. Mr. George's views are far indeed from the usual Victorian-cum-Albertian hypocrisies on the subject of marriage, and he is insistent upon liberal and easy terms of divorce; but his theme, nevertheless, is expressible in a parody of a famous saying: "*Si le mariage n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer*," and he points out what in fact is simply unquestionable, namely, that marriage does really fill an elementary human need, and that no satisfactory substitute for it has ever been devised.

The position is admirably summed up in the old phrase from the Liturgy, that we take each other for better or worse. The task is to make the worse better and the better best. And it is a task, in the sense that it is a

* "Eddies of the Day." By W. L. George. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

PELMANISM AND ENERGY.

"It Brings Your Mind Into Action At Once," writes a Pelman Student.

In Business and Commercial Life—as, in fact, in every other sphere of human activity—permanent success can only be won by those who possess energy, and energy rightly directed.

Perhaps more men and women have failed in life through lack of energy and application than from any other causes, and very frequently these failures have been the most disappointing and saddening of all failures, the failures of men and women of brilliant mental ability.

Lack of energy is one of the weaknesses which often seems to dog the footsteps of clever people. All through their lives their talents have proved their undoing. So quick are they at "picking up" things that they are apt to be tempted to neglect that steady application and mental discipline which is so necessary for those who wish to succeed in any undertaking. The fable of the hare and the tortoise has many a counterpart in contemporary life. People are attracted by the intellectual brilliance of an individual, they trust him, they give him opportunities—and then they are disappointed. He never quite "gets there." He is bored by routine. He lets opportunity after opportunity slip by. He gets the reputation of being "unreliable." And finally he is passed in the race of progress by those who may not possess his talents, but who have acquired that habit of persistent energy which he lacks.

THE POWER-HOUSE OF ENERGY.

One of the most valuable features of Pelmanism to the men and women of the day is that, in addition to providing a complete course of mental discipline and training, and besides "bringing out" just those qualities which are of the greatest use in every Profession, Business, and Occupation, it actually develops, and, in fact, generates that energy which enables those who possess it *to put their other faculties to the very best possible use.* To those who apply themselves conscientiously to the lessons of the Pelman Course, Pelmanism is a veritable Power-House of Energy. As a Pelman student writes in a letter quoted below, "it brings your mind into action at once," so that you never, through lack of energy and alertness, let an opportunity slip by. It makes you, in fact, "a live wire"; one of those men and women who are invaluable to any business and in every position; one of those who, practically speaking, are almost bound to succeed.

"The 'little grey book,' which impressed me very much," writes the student referred to, "was the one which dealt with Human Energy. It brings your mind into action at once. . . . It makes you feel you are of some use to every one. It makes you think for yourself. You cannot help being energetic. It makes your work come quite easy, and you take a great interest in your achievements. You feel that you must keep on working hard, for only by hard work and human energy can success come your way. I am sure that, with energy, your character changes and your mental faculties improve. You begin to feel happier, you like your work . . . and you jump at the chance of a more responsible job coming your way. I am sure we all have our definite aims and only human energy will help us to carry them to the end."

"AN ALL-ROUND MENTAL RENAISSANCE."

As the above letter implies, Pelmanism not only re-energises the mind but it develops other valuable qualities as well, all of which make for efficiency in man or woman. This is stated more definitely in a letter recently received from a Sergeant in the Army:

"I have experienced," he says, "an all-round mental renaissance. I have learned the meaning of mental efficiency; I have come to appreciate its value; I have been brought to realise the importance of *a good memory*; I have been taught how *to generate energy*; the efficiency of my senses has been wonderfully improved—I '*observe*' now where I merely 'saw' before; my *Will-Power* has been greatly strengthened; I have learned *to think connectedly and to work methodically*; I have been shown how *to concentrate*; *self-confidence* and *initiative* have been developed; and my *imagination has been stimulated.* Other benefits I have derived, but it is unnecessary to proceed further—they are too numerous to enumerate here. Still, I have to admit that *they are all attributable to 'Pelmanism.'* Mark you, I do not speak at random, my eulogy is bestowed advisedly, for my improvement is self-evident and unmistakable."

He concludes with a reference to the "*pleasure*" he has experienced in going through the course and working out the papers, which, he says—as many thousands have also said—"are extraordinarily interesting."

RAPID PROGRESS SECURED.

The result of developing these qualities is quickly seen in the rapid progress the Pelmanist makes in business and commercial life. His or her increased efficiency attracts the notice of the management, and promotion with increased remuneration follows

"Prior to being a Pelman student," writes a correspondent, "I watched with envy others succeed where I failed, and I wished I had been born with the qualities to succeed, as they had been.

"Then I applied Pelman methods and in three months am well on the way to succeed as they did."

It is a common fallacy to suppose, as this student supposed, until Pelmanism disproved the idea, that the qualities which make for success in life are "born" in the minds of a few exceptionally favoured individuals and that others do not possess them at all. Most people possess these qualities in some form, but in 99 cases out of 100 they are not developed and are therefore made of little use. Pelmanism develops these qualities to the highest possible point of efficiency and brings out the best that is in every one. And such is the value of Pelmanism in business that many important firms have actually enrolled their entire staffs for a course of Pelman training, knowing that the cost of the fees—and these fees are very moderate and well within the reach of every one—would be repaid over and over again in the increased efficiency of their employees. And employers find Pelmanism equally as valuable to themselves as to those they employ. Thousands of workers and hundreds of leading business and professional men are now practising Pelmanism themselves and gaining great advantages from the course.

DOUBLING YOUR EARNING POWER.

A greatly appreciated feature is the personal interest the Pelman Institute takes in the welfare of its students. As the result of the advice given by the Pelman instructors, "I have," writes one, "obtained a position in a firm where I always desired to go, and my salary has been increased nearly 50 per cent." And many Pelmanists report income-increases of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 600 per cent. as the result of the increased efficiency gained from Pelman-training. "It is the best investment I have ever made," is a phrase repeatedly occurring in the letters received from delighted Pelmanists. And by this increased efficiency not only is earning-power doubled and trebled, but work is made easier so that better work can be done in less time and with less fatigue. "I have been able to add two hours daily to my business working capacity," writes a Pelman student, and many report an even greater gain than this.

Yet the Pelman Course itself is perfectly easy to understand and to follow. It involves very little expenditure either of time or of money, and it is as interesting to study as it is remunerative to practise. Full particulars are given in "Mind and Memory" which will be sent you free on application, together with a reprint of "Truth's" latest Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the Course complete at a reduced fee. You can apply by letter or post card to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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permanent duty. Too often we proceed as if marriage were the one human institution that need not be kept in repair. It is indubitably true that marriages, real marriages, are made in heaven; but they have to be maintained on earth.

The oddest paper in Mr. George's volume, one that appears something of an intruder, is what seems to be an address to business men upon mental organisation. Though a little out of harmony with the others, it embodies some sound sagacity which everybody can profitably apply to daily life. Indeed, sage common sense is the note of the whole volume, which will supply sensible people with something to talk about and even more to think about.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS.*

It would be almost impossible to write uninterestingly on the subject Mr. Osborn has taken for "The New Elizabethans," and he has handled it so ably, with such knowledge and sympathy, that it grows under his hand to one of the most poignantly interesting, as it will be one of the most valued, of the many books that have been occasioned by the war. In a series of intimate biographies and character studies he tells the life history of twenty-five young men of high distinction or of promise who laid down their lives in France, Flanders or Gallipoli. Twenty-two of them served in our own armies; one, Guy Drummond, was a Canadian poet; two, Harry Butters and Alan Seeger, who is to America what Rupert Brooke is to England, were Americans.

Some of these men—Harold Chapin, the dramatist, for instance, that brilliant critic, Dixon Scott, and "Tom" Kettle, the Irish barrister, professor, M.P., poet and essayist—had achieved no small measure of renown before the war; and before the war Hugh and John Charlton had done work in ornithology and nature study that seemed to mark them out as men who might one day prove co-heirs of fame with Richard Jefferies. Before the war, too, nearly all the poetry of Robert Sterling was written, but it was the war that ripened swiftly the literary gifts of Donald Hankey, brought a stronger, deeper note into the poems of Charles Hamilton Sorley, Richard Dennys and Noel Hodgson, and inspired Julian Grenfell with his one great lyric, "Into Battle." It is the men themselves, those lesser known as well as these, their vivid, gallant personalities, the stories of how the war touched them to fine issues, that hold your interest. Reading, you are moved to admiration, to praise, to regret, but not to pity—their heroism lifts them too high for that. None was more peace-loving than John Charlton, and the courage with which he died is characteristic of them all. He was shot in the great attack on La Boiselle, and when he fell, says his orderly, who leaned over him and took his head upon his knee, "I spoke to him three times, I got no answer, and then he just looked up at me, and put his hand down my face, and said, 'Is that you, Joe?' which was the name he called me by, 'for God's sake, sonny, push on,' and died at that."

Mr. Osborn rightly names them the new Elizabethans, for, as he says, "they had the Elizabethan exuberance. They were as various and insatiate and adventurous in the art of living as were the old Elizabethans"; they had the Elizabethan love of country and "instinct of brotherliness"; and "they were all scholars and sportsmen and poets—even if they did not write poetry, they had a conviction that life ought to be lived poetically." And they lived it so, and that splendour is about their memories.

The volume is illustrated with thirty excellently reproduced portraits and sketches.

* "The New Elizabethans." By E. B. Osborn. Illustrated. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

A BROKEN JOURNEY.*

The sub-title is rather long, and would be better understood by the untravelled if it said "Yellow River" and "lower reaches," but this volume may be quickly read sitting by the fire, reflecting at every page, "Thank goodness, there is no kink in my character forcing me to undergo such discomfort." To others it may pleasantly recall like but more enjoyable experiences, shared by a sympathetic companion, attended by excellent servants and with no need of interpreters: also untroubled by that characteristic that seems to impel Mrs. Gaunt out of all modes of travel always to choose the most disagreeable. Were a foreigner to insist on travelling through our Black Country, and by by-ways, and, let us say, mounted on a sorry donkey, she, if a woman, would probably meet various experiences! Mrs. Gaunt met hers cheerfully, but was it quite wise to invite them? She started riding a pack mule! but very soon found that was a mistake—for her; took to a mule litter, and seems to have been *lifted* in and out. Where the traveller is not so very tall, and the mules are, that method has advantages. But in Siberia she describes herself as still *lifted*! It is to be supposed she is not a woman of weight. Her book certainly is not heavy. She starts, it seems, to meet White Wolf, a brigand ravaging the country she decides to travel through; but when she gets nearer turns precipitately, giving up that journey—certainly a very wise step. She first sees the Yellow River! But the Yellow River is on view in much nearer, more convenient places, even from the windows of trains, furnished with sleepers.

After having put up wherever she could, in missionary houses and at their expense, she sets off to return home across Siberia, but—in a manner somewhat confusing to anyone not reading with an atlas handy—turns east instead of west, till she arrives in Saghalien with the ocean all round it and "'danger—danger from men.' 'Do they steal?' said I, surprised. 'And kill,' he added with conviction." Having travelled with a pretty young woman along the Amur I remember her telling me she had been governess in a family in Saghalien. None of my fellow travellers would believe in such a family, saying firmly, "The only women sent there are murderesses." I refused to accept this young woman as a murderess; to believe her a governess was easier, though that also—— Seven days after leaving Blagovestchensk, scene of the most horrible, wholesale murder before Bolshevism, Mrs. Gaunt came "in contact with the world war" and after that there is fresh excitement in every page.

The Siberian half of her book is therefore the most interesting, but although she must have been in China before (see her "A Woman in China") she writes of Chinese wedding ceremonies with as much freshness as if she had never even heard of them. She expresses forcibly her pity for Chinese women with their crippled feet—yet, apparently, not unbound on the route she took. But if heartfelt, surely her pity would have prompted her to carry placards and leaflets telling the ignorant people how the educated classes had abandoned this cruel custom, and the government denounced it. Had she distributed such leaflets, or better still sold them—Chinese understand selling best—she would have been welcomed everywhere as one who does good works. And that she did not do this, travelling through a part of China which it seems no one ever could visit for pleasure, makes of this broken journey, that might have been so fruitful of good, a lost opportunity. The reader will none the less find her pages on the subject lively reading, and will be himself insensibly drawn on to follow Mrs. Gaunt not only to the Yellow River and back again, but backwards and forwards through Siberia.

ALICIA LITTLE.

* "A Broken Journey: Wanderings from the Hoang Ho to the Island of Saghalien and the Upper Reaches of the Amur River." By Mary Gaunt. 18s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

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MODERN INDIAN POETRY.*

It is inevitable that a deep religious note should run through Indian poetry, for the Indian is deeply religious by nature, and remains so in spite of modernist tendencies. Mr. Thadani's long poem, "Krishna's Flute," is almost a condensed metrical translation of the "Bhagvad Gita," which has exerted greater influence upon the Indian masses than any other spiritual or ethical composition. He manages to preserve the original atmosphere though, I regret to note, his rhyme is often weak and his rhythm halting. Here is an example of the poet at his best:

"Arjun! arise—by action is the world;
And action is the warrior's living breath.
Behold the banners of thy foes unfurled,
And hear their thunder shouts of war and death.
Arise and slay them. Nothing perisheth—
Arise, the hour approacheth, nor employ
Thy mind in idle doubts, devoid of faith.
Thy duty calls thee—seek in it thy joy:
Thy deeds are Mine—I charge thee, rise—fight and destroy!"

Mr. Thadani's shorter poems are varied, indicating, in some measure, the multifarious moods and multitude of interests of modern Indians. The one entitled "The Motherland" breathes the Nationalist spirit that has been greatly quickened by India's contact with Britain and the Western world:

"Let all colours and castes and confusions of creeds,
Be silenced for ever in the music of Love."

In spite of his religious fervour, Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyay has an eye for colour, a nature deeply sensitive to the joys—and the sorrows—of life. Indeed, he imparts to his poems a sensuous touch that abounds in poetry written by Indians in their various languages—more especially Urdu. He writes:

"I am athirst for one glimpse of your beautiful face, O Love!
Veiled in the mystical silence of stars and the purple of skies.

"Thrill me with radiant rapture, O Love! of your ravishing flute,
Folding my silence in song, and my sorrow in silver eclipse,
Shaping my heart into flower, and the flower of my heart into fruit
Meet for your orchards of light, and the touch of your luminous lips.

"Cast in the shadowy deeps of my being, your love like a spark,
Fan it to magical flame, till my dead heart burst into fire,
Swing, like a censer, my dream of devotion, O Love! through the dark,
Turn into tumults of incense my richly-pulsating desire!"

The poet is but nineteen, and has not of course achieved the sure touch of the fully developed man. It is true that here and there he lays on his colours too thick, sometimes overworks his metaphor, and every now and again leaves his theme in such a shape that the Western reader may find it difficult to understand, and even conventional. His are, however, the defects of youth, and certainly venial. On the other hand, the charm of his poetry is all-conquering. Here is a choice bit:

"The noon, a mystic dog with paws of fire,
Runs through the sky in ecstasy of drouth,
Licking the earth with tongues of golden flame
Set in a burning mouth.

"It floods the forests with loud barks of light,
And chases its own shadows on the plains. . . .
Its Master silently hath set it free
Awhile from silver chains.

"At last, towards the cinctured end of day,
It drinks cool draughts from sunset-mellow rills. . . .
Then, chained to twilight by its Master's hand,
It sleeps among the hills."

In his characteristically Irish introduction to Mr. Chattopadhyay's poems, Mr. James H. Cousins—the Irish poet—touches upon a knotty problem raised by the penchant that Indians show for writing poetry in English. He is afraid that such verse may menace "India's literary and national future in the possible drawing away of other young poets from their true instrument of expression in their mother-tongue."

Infinite will be the pity if Mr. Cousins's fears are realised to any degree. Movements of national revival in India are producing poets, litterateurs, and artists. The ordered, progressive, continuous growth of these revivals is vital to Indian evolution.

At this stage of Indian history there is, however, little danger that these movements may become menaced by Indians becoming so infatuated with English that they may neglect their own languages. The reason is twofold. First, the phase during which they were glamoured by Western institutions has passed away; and as the days pass by they will become more and more discriminating, not only in regard to non-Indian ideas and institutions, but in regard to their own. Second, Indian capacity is so flexible that so long as the national consciousness among Indians is sensitive, the acquisition of skill in writing English—and even the attainment to that height where English poetry oozes out of their soul—will not take so much out of them as to starve expression in national and provincial languages.

How very few Indians have really written good English poetry! Many Indians have, of course, written English verse—and good verse at that. But I speak of poetry with the genuine feeling, with real fire, with beauty and power and universal appeal. Curiously, the only Indians who, I feel, have written anything like such poetry in English are all Bengalis—Madusdan Dutt, Toru Dutt, Sarojini Naidu, and now young Chattopadhyay. The first two are dead. The latter two are sister and brother. I have not included Sir Rabindranath Tagore in the list, for he only translates his Bengali verse into English.

For every Indian who attempts verse in English there are scores who write poetry in one or another of Indian languages. During recent years much good verse has been inspired by the Nationalist impulse—and quite recently by the war. I give one example of Indian war poetry:

"Remember, Son, now battle's death fires burn,
There must be no inglorious return!

* * * * *

O thou that art my life, O Son of mine,
Do deeds of valour that thy name shall shine
In brave men's memories like the evening star,
Gleaming serene above the fields of war.
And thus the age shall hail thee with acclaim,
The Emperor approve: thy happy name
The Motherland shall cherish lovingly,
Keeping alive thy holy memory,
And it shall burn like flaming flags unfurled
Emblazoned in the annals of the world."

The original poem was written by Pundit Brij Mohan Dattatriya in Urdu. My translation has been put into verse by Mrs. Jessie Duncan Westbrook, a Scottish poet who is doing a noble work in making Indian poetry available to lovers of English poetic literature through small volumes containing choice Indian treasures faithfully and feelingly rendered into English verse.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

* "Krishna's Flute, and Other Poems." By Nankiram Vasanmal Thadani. 4s. net. (Longmans.)—"The Feast of Youth." By Harindranath Chattopadhyay. (Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House.)

FORTY DAYS IN 1914.*

"Forty Days in 1914" is a welcome addition to the books that deal with the momentous first six weeks of the world war, for Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice was very much behind the scenes at that period; he witnessed many of the incidents he describes; and moreover, as is common knowledge, he has a writing style that is noteworthy for lucidity and grace. He sets himself to discover what the Germans were planning and doing during the retreat from Mons, and he finds that by piecing together evidence obtainable from the accounts published in Germany, in neutral countries, in France, and by Belgian authorities, as well as from the reports of the investigations

* "Forty Days in 1914." By Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. 9s. net. (Constable.)

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Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

conducted into the German atrocities in Northern France and in Belgium, it is possible to work out the movements of the German armies, and from these to deduce the German plans. The Germans were obsessed by the idea of envelopment, and their problem was how to apply it to war between nations in arms, how to get round millions where before it had been a question of outflanking two or three hundred thousand. "I am convinced," writes General Maurice, "that the secret of much that happened in the early phases of the war lies in the fact that an inherited theory, which had been elevated into a gospel, was applied by an individual of but ordinary capacity." If the theory of the German military chiefs was to be translated into practice, it was absolutely necessary that a way round should be found by violating the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg; and "no explanation of the invasion of Belgium which Germany has issued squares even superficially with the known facts, and on military grounds alone it is out of the question that what happened should have happened except as the result of deliberate, cold-blooded, and careful calculation." Alluring chapters are "Mons," "Pursuit and Retreat," and "Von Kluck Changes Direction." Von Kluck, we are told, had the extraordinary good fortune to bring into action an enemy inferior in numbers and completely ignorant of the extent of this inferiority; but he seems to have made the mistakes, first of attacking before he was ready, and of relying on the slow process of envelopment by troops at a distance from the enemy, at a time when it was a question of seizing a chance which might disappear. As for our retreat, what was Von Kluck doing that he allowed our little army to escape? General Maurice's answer is: "It would appear that his general instructions were to march south-west until he had overlapped the Allied left, and so south-westwards he went without regard to the direction of our retreat or to the opportunity which the fortune of war had presented to him." It is an astonishing explanation, and not flattering to Von Kluck.

Light is thrown also on many other mysteries of the Forty Days; and the utility of the volume is enhanced by the inclusion of four admirable maps.

DAVID HODGE.

FOCH AS A FIGHTER.*

The difficulty in dealing with a great contemporary master of events is to keep the man on the same plane as his achievements without recourse to the kind of unsubstantiated homage known as hero-worship. Hero-worship is simply begging the question, and making a present of the praise. Captain Atteridge has been too close a student of the practice and evolution of war to sacrifice his favourite subject to a topical occasion or truckle to the popular craze for applause. In that respect he will never be a popular biographer in the terms of the vocabulary which publishers embroider up and down their "jackets." For all that, his writing is just the kind of bracing influence the public mind requires, and it would be hard to find a man more suited to the time and this particular theme.

In respect of his great services to humanity, Marshal Foch is even now but dimly understood by the people who burn incense in his honour. Half his disdain of acclamation seems to proceed from a perception that it hails him merely as the man who turned the tables on the Boche, and gave the sub-editors the chance of changing the colour of their head-lines. Possibly it is reinforced by that fine undercurrent of irony in which intellectual France excels. Still more probably it is the mark of the man who had to spend half a century in unremitting toil and study before Providence brought him face to face with his opportunity. It may even be that in his secret heart he thinks more of his two great books upon the "Conduct" and "Principles" of War and what they

* "Marshal Foch and His Theory of Modern War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. 6s. net. (Skeffington.)

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represent, than he does of the mere object-lesson up to which they led. After all, the text may be greater than the illustration, and it was the mentality of Marshal Foch that has saved the world—not for democracy alone, as President Wilson would have us believe, but for all mankind.

It was characteristic of the Germans, as Captain Atteridge shows, that even when they stole Napoleon's ideas, they could not use them in a Napoleonic way. In 1870 they succeeded because France had lost the tradition and the ideas as well, so that the blunders of men like De Failly were half exonerated because they conformed to the outworn principle of the stolid defence. Similarly the Huns have lost because they, in their turn, have been out-generalled. This is not to underrate the importance of vast resources coming in at the eleventh hour, but to recognise the truth of Foch's axiom, "freedom of action in order to obey." This sounds like the instruction given to subordinates, but it equally applies to Foch himself and his loyalty to a few sovereign rules. One is "the will to conquer," and this is what surmounts occasion by turning it to victory at a moment when both sides are proverbially at their last gasp. Another is that "movement is the law of strategy." Another is that the winner must perceive the enemy's weak point even through what has well been called "the fog of war," and must launch an unanswerable blow there with the violence of surprise. Once having struck, he must follow up. All the rest—"economy of force" and the value of *sureté* (meaning accuracy, confidence, security, certainty all in one), and intellectual discipline—are minor points compared with this concentration of time and place and force. They constituted Napoleon's main secret, and Foch teaches that the art of war is simply the application of these fixed and orthodox rules to the ever-changing conditions of battle. He exemplified them on the Marne and on the greater scale last year: he might even be said to be carrying them out in our parleys with the enemy to-day.

All this, and infinitely more, Captain Atteridge sets forth with a clear and rapid and persuasive pen. It is given to few of us to follow him into the special enthusiasm he feels for his subject because of religious sympathies. But if there is anything the English love, it is a Man, especially a man who puts up a great fight and greatly wins. That is Foch all over, and the author is his prophet.

J. P. C.

Novel Notes.

THE HOUSE OF COURAGE. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 7s. net. (Duckworth.)

We have nothing but praise for this, by far the most attractive of all Mrs. Rickard's attractive novels. Even the first quiet chapters grip the interest and hold it securely. They introduce to us the hero, Kennedy, the man of hidden power, Elodie—the girl like a green bough in a dusty house—peaceful Hilda. When war breaks out, the story, arresting before, becomes genuinely thrilling. Kennedy is taken prisoner and the greater part of the book is concerned with his captivity, and his escape. The picture given of the long days of misery in Room 24 in the German camp is full of force—Compton, the senior officer with a grievance; Bland, the gentle subaltern in love with a Dolly who could not weather the long frost of absence; Palliser, the man of coarse jokes and indomitable spirit—all make their appeal. And as for the escape, we die in imagination many times with Kennedy through the many crises when it seems that he must perish or go back, which would be worse than death! Not only is this a splendid book of adventure—it is more. There are many touches of beauty and strength in it that lend it real distinction.

THE JERVAISE COMEDY. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. net. (Collins.)

This is one of Mr. Beresford's lighter tales, and describes the conversion of the hero to a new, unconventional, free outlook on life. At first, Melhuish, the writer of plays—"pleasant little artificial comedies," takes the solemn pomposity of the Jervaise family as a matter of course. "The Jervaise type was more or less familiar to me, their acceptance of security as an established right, their absence of anything like initiative . . . their general contentment with themselves. . . ." But Melhuish chances to be with the Jervaises just when there is a terrible hullaballoo because Brenda, one of the daughters, wishes to marry the chauffeur. Oh, a very nice chauffeur, "wearing a light tweed suit and brown brogues. And his clothes sat upon him with just that touch of familiarity, of negligence, that your professional servant's mufti can never accomplish." Yet the Jervaise family was deeply affrighted at the proposal of an alliance between the brown-brogued one and their child. Melhuish gradually becomes the friend of the chauffeur's pretty, half French sister—having fallen in love at first sight—and rapidly veers over altogether to the honest view that Arthur Banks is good enough for Brenda, and ought to marry her. Melhuish also discovers that the crust of life upon which he has hitherto most diligently crawled, is monotonous, and turns hungrily to a better conception of things. There is a profound message contained in these pages, but it is covered by a light and sparkling veil; and Mr. Beresford knows how to be earnest without being ponderous. At the end the family of Banks, accompanied by the converted playwright, emigrate to Canada. We don't think that Melhuish, for all his conversion, liked the colonial life, but the author wisely skims over this point, and finishes his comedy as deftly as he begins it.

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> *To prepare us a dwelling-place there."*

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"I strongly recommend to the attention of clergy and laity alike this young officer's vigorous profession of the faith that was in him. It is a valuable contribution to religious thought . . . There is maturity of grasp of problems and of handling, and evidence of a deeply religious life. The author commands attention by his obvious sincerity, as well as by his ability."—*Extract from the Preface*

Studies in Early Indian Thought. By DOROTHEA JANE STEPHEN, S.Th. Crown 8vo. 6s net.
"It is a handy and helpful book for the student, and will show those who have to do with India something of the influence still exercised by early Indian literature on Indian thought."—*The Times*

Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4: C. F. Clay, Manager

SCENES FROM ITALY'S WAR.

By G. M. TREVELYAN. 10s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

SWORD AND PLOUGH.

By DIEGO ANGELI. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

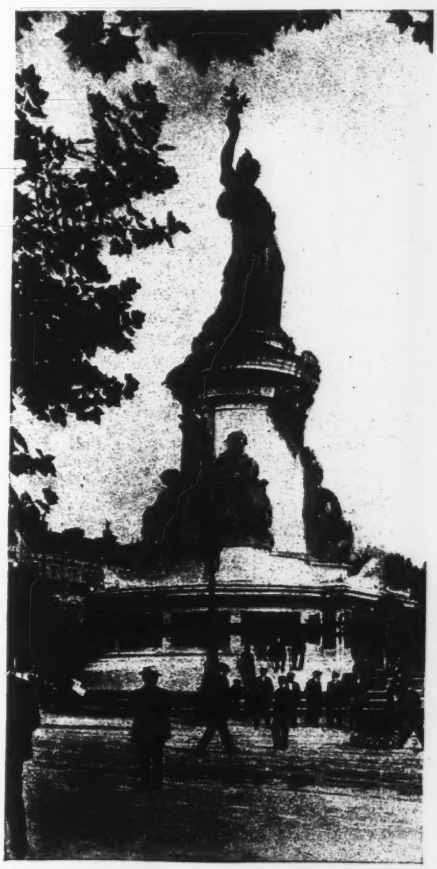
No Englishman could be better fitted than the historian of Gibraltar to present to Englishmen a sympathetic picture of Italy's share in the world-struggle against Teutonism. Even had he not himself been a participant, one would have expected from him a typically clear and fascinating story of the last phase of Italy's secular effort to free herself from Austria, the phase which, after a contest terrible beyond all foreboding, ended almost miraculously with the complete and irremediable overthrow of her ancient enemy. But it was not to be expected that so ardent a friend of Italy as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan would be satisfied with contemplating the battle from afar. In the beginning of September, 1915, he went out in command of the first British unit of Red Cross ambulances. He remained with it at the front until the end, serving through all the terrible battles on the Isonzo and transporting with his unit alone no fewer than 177,522 casualties, of whom 40,918 were stretcher cases, from the very heart of the conflict.

In this book Mr. Trevelyan aims at no comprehensive and detailed history. It is aptly titled "Scenes from Italy's War," and consists of a series of studies of the Italian war effort as he himself witnessed it. It is not a book to which the future military historian can turn for enlightenment on disputed points—except for the psychology of the Caporetto disaster.

Mr. Trevelyan aims chiefly at interpreting the Italian to the Britisher in the hope of a mutually beneficial better understanding for the future. He quotes, with emphasis, the phrase of D'Annunzio which helped so much to spur the Italian people into war: "No, we are not, and we will not be, a museum, an inn, a village summer resort, a sky painted with Prussian blue for international honeymoon couples, a delightful market for buying and selling, fraud and barter." He makes it abundantly clear that Italy has grown up into a vigorous nation that knows its own mind, and he shows that one of the most potent causes of her entry into the war against Teutonism was the realisation that Giolitti was bargaining away Italian freedom of action at the dictates of Germany. He goes on to sound a warning note, not without value at the present time, when there is likelihood of conflict between the Italian and Jugo-Slav claims to the eastern Upper Adriatic: "We English are too fond of giving advice; but, fortunately, we give much less than the Germans. It is strange that other people should like to manage their own affairs, but they do. And this peculiarity is very strong among the Italians."

It is of vital importance for the correct appreciation of Italy's part in the war to understand the attitude of the nation behind the army. Mr. Trevelyan shows clearly that the peasant was utterly apathetic, if not hostile, to the idea of intervention. Italy was forced into war by the enthusiasm of the educated urban populations, indignant at the barbarities of Germany, and eager to settle once and for all with the Austrian. The war was willed by the educated bourgeoisie, and they were not without opposition. The author pertinently observes: "My belief is that the Church did little direct harm to the patriotic cause in the army itself, but much in the country behind. The same cannot be said of the anti-war politicians. It is possible to select the chaplain for a regiment, but not its Socialists."

Mr. Trevelyan, though he does not describe them in detail, leaves an impressive picture upon the memory of those fearful struggles of 1915–1916–1917 for the road to Trieste, struggles in which Italy paid the appalling price of 460,000 *dead* in apparent hopelessness of any other reward than that of a tradition of supreme heroism long sustained, beside which even the wonderful story of the Garibaldi days seems like a petty thing. But it is in his level-headed analysis of the Caporetto disaster, which so nearly gave complete victory to the Central Powers, and yet was the germ of their final undoing, that Mr. Trevelyan's book has a permanent value for the historian of the future who will wish to understand that dramatic collapse of an army hitherto indefatigable in a desperate offensive. The author puts one into the point of view of the peasant, the poor infantryman, uneducated, anxious only to return to his family, wearied by two years and a half of fruitless effort, bewildered by the rhetoric of Socialist and pro-German propagandist, sapped in his *moral* by the activities of Holy Church in the village where his wife waits for him. Here there is no place for a précis of the argument, but one thoroughly agrees with him when he says that the wonder is not that Caporetto happened when it did, but that it did not happen long before.



From Paris and her People, By E. A. Vizetelly (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE MONUMENT OF THE REPUBLIC, PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE, PARIS.

Of the wonderful recovery on the Piave, and the final rush forward to overwhelming victory when Austria crumbled into fragments, one gets the picture of the man on the spot. The entire book, indeed, is unfailing in its impression of actuality sympathetically and coolly perceived. It is one for Mr. Trevelyan's host of admirers to place on their shelves next to his magnificent studies of the Garibaldian epoch—it completes them. The publishers of the volume are to be congratulated upon an excellence of printing, paper, and binding which is only too rare in these days of shoddy book production.

We turn from a study of the Italian in the war by an Englishman to a study of the Britisher by an Italian. "Sword and Plough," by Diego Angeli, is an appreciation of our effort on the Western Front by a distinguished Italian journalist accompanying our armies. But there is no "journalese" in this book. It is the work of a brilliant

From Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy ! "AH, MR. GUY, MR. GUY!"

A humorous novel by Sidney Hastings Webb, illustrated by G. L. Stampa, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are publishing this month.

writer. Flattering as is the enthusiastic panegyric of ourselves which he presents to us, one has a yet greater pleasure in the skill and sincerity of his treatment. Very very rarely is there a trivial blunder of the foreigner who does not quite understand ; never is there a forced or false note. Again, this is no historical record—it has even less of the detail of fighting than Mr. Trevelyan's book—but yet it is history. It is an amazingly accurate description of the British army as it lived and fought upon the Western Front, focussed, perhaps, more clearly into a comprehensive perspective than could be achieved by our English writers with their too great nearness to, and sense of intimate participation in, the event. Thus, and exactly thus, did British manhood dwell for more than four years in its tents and huts and dug-outs and front-line trenches in its tireless siege of its colossal Troy. In days to come, when our personal memories are blurred, when the historian seeks for the picture of "just-how-it-looked," this book will hold up the very impress of the event. But it has claims to survival beyond the utilitarian—it is a battle picture, painted by a literary artist with a classic sureness of touch, a sense of austere beauty in war.

The translator, also, surely has claim to praise in such a typical sketch as this :

"I had this sculptural vision more particularly one day before a line of 12-inch mortars which were firing incessantly. It was a hot spring noon beneath a blue, cloudless sky, in a field of trefoil, wherein the recent rains and the magnificent sun of the last few days had suddenly resuscitated the dead vegetation. . . . And in this vernal field, the mortars stood in line about twenty yards away one from another. Beautiful and powerful, they seemed to form part of the very nature of the ground. They were like fragments of rock rooted in the soil, with their cruel mouths turned to the sky. And, about them, their servants, with their little round steel helmets, and their beardless faces burned by the sun, with their bodies bared in order to be able to move more freely, accomplished with perfect regularity their ordered movements, advancing, stopping, bending, straightening, with an action which had become habitual, and which was in perfect harmony with the instruments they served. And all this was done in profound silence. From time to time, when the gun was loaded, the sergeant in charge of the men turned, standing at attention, to the officer seated a few yards away ; the latter raised his arm ; the command was transmitted to the gunlayer ; the report, abrupt and deep, followed, shaking the air like a fist, and the shell, seen for a moment, disappeared into the sky with its characteristic shriek, towards some invisible point of the horizon. And nothing could be grander or more beautiful."

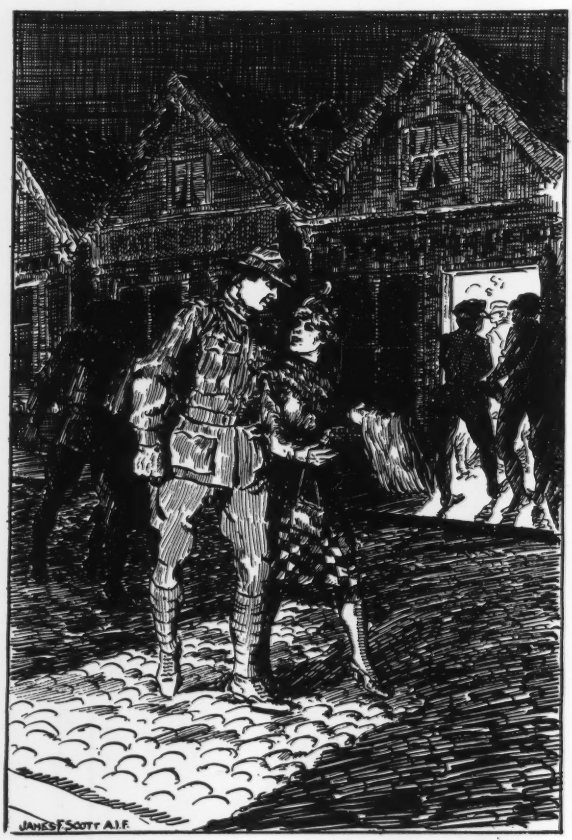
And nothing, we may add, could give a truer picture of a 12-inch howitzer battery in action in summer time.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

THE MAN FROM THE CLOUDS.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

A new story from the pen of Mr. J. Storer Clouston is something to receive with hilarious welcome—much as we should receive a friend, tried and trusted as an unfailing scatterer of the " blue devils " or any other such unpleasant things. Each successive story that the author of " The Lunatic at Large " has given us has served but to strengthen yet further the welcome which we have been ready to accord its successor. Such welcome has become thus accumulatively ever greater, and that which we have for " The Man from the Clouds " is of the heartiest. Not yet has the author disappointed us, either. Opening the latest of his volumes we find promise of goodly entertainment in the opening chapter—and when we reach the closing chapter we find that the promise has been abundantly kept. It is a fresh spy story that Mr. Clouston has to tell, the story of a young officer of the R.N.V.R. who went up in an observation balloon over the North Sea in August, 1914—and the cable snapped ! The balloon shot up into space and drifted away on the wind ; one of its occupants took to his parachute and was heard of no more, the other finally effected a landing and that not precisely where he had anticipated. The result was a series of capital adventures resulting in the final discomfiture of a skilful and dangerous spy and in the satisfactory conclusion to the love affair which developed out of the spy hunt. It is a good story well told, one that will delight its author's many admirers—and add to their number.

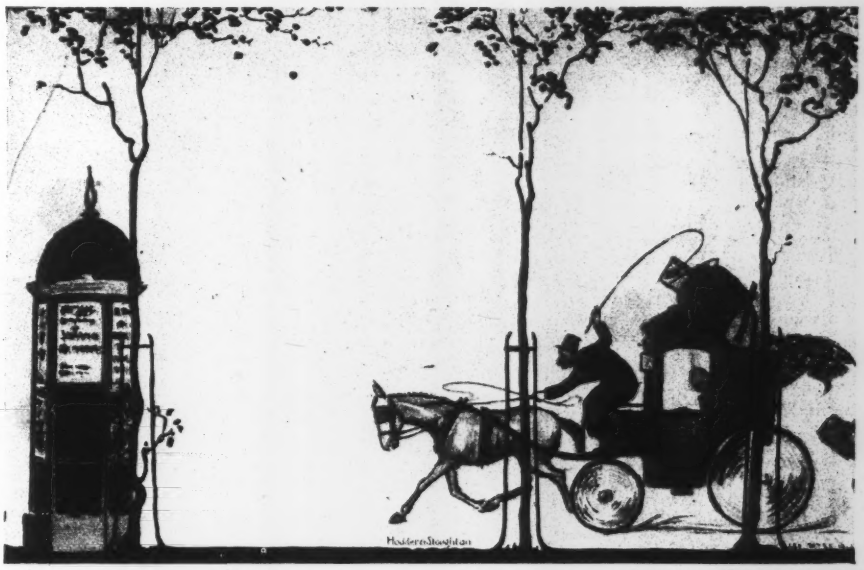


From A Handful of Ausseys, By C. Hampton Thorp, A.I.F. Illustrated by James F. Scott (*John Lane*). "THAT'S WHAT SHE KEPT ON SAYIN', 'APRES LE GUERRE.'"

THE AZURE ROSE.

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Essentially a romance, "The Azure Rose" is rich in sentiment and humour, and quite a different type of story from the author's previous book, "Daughters of Ishmael." Mr. Kauffman's hero is an American artist, studying in Paris; love comes to him while fame and fortune dally. He makes a picturesque figure, designed for unconventional happenings, and it is not surprising to find a man of his temperament, penniless and prospectless, falling in love with a fugitive princess, and subsequently chasing her over the continent, doing and daring much for her sake. The glimpses of Bohemian life in Paris are amusing, though not without pathos, and are among the best things in the book; the minor characters are cleverly sketched into the background of what can be most adequately described as a delightful and poignant love story.



From The Adventures of Antoine, By H. Collinson Owen, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing shortly.

REDUCED REPRODUCTION FROM COLOUR WRAPPER.

IN TIDAL WATERS.

By FRANCIS B. COOKE. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Cooke's yachting reminiscences will find an audience not only among amateur navigators of every type, but also among all who enjoy racy, humorous yarns fresh with salt winds and the tang of the sea. From his earliest ventures on the Horse Pond, Hampstead, to his perilous voyages on the North Sea, there is not a dull episode in the whole of the book. His first boat, not counting his schooner the *Arrow*, which came to an untimely end in the Round Pond, was a clench-built elm dinghy, with a big balance-lug, and was bought at Kingston; but being taken for her first trip in foul weather, she foundered in mid-stream. This would have been a discouraging beginning for any faintheart; it only served to stimulate the author's enthusiasm, and before long he had "lost interest in navigating the waters of Teddington Reach," and was seeking adventures farther afield. These adventures form the substance of his book, told in a crisp, vivacious style, and admirably illustrated by Mr. C. Fleming Williams. Those who wish to obtain a knowledge of the comedies and tragedies of yachting would do well to make a point of buying "In Tidal Waters"; they can be sure of getting something exceptionally good and something that cannot fail to interest and amuse them.

From In Tidal Waters, By Francis B. Cooke. Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams (*Chapman & Hall*).

"IF YOU THINK I'M A-GOIN' TO SIT UP ALL NIGHT PUMPING THE BLOOMIN' THAMES THROUGH 'ER, I AIN'T."

A GRAY DREAM.

By LAURA WOLCOTT. (Yale University Press.)

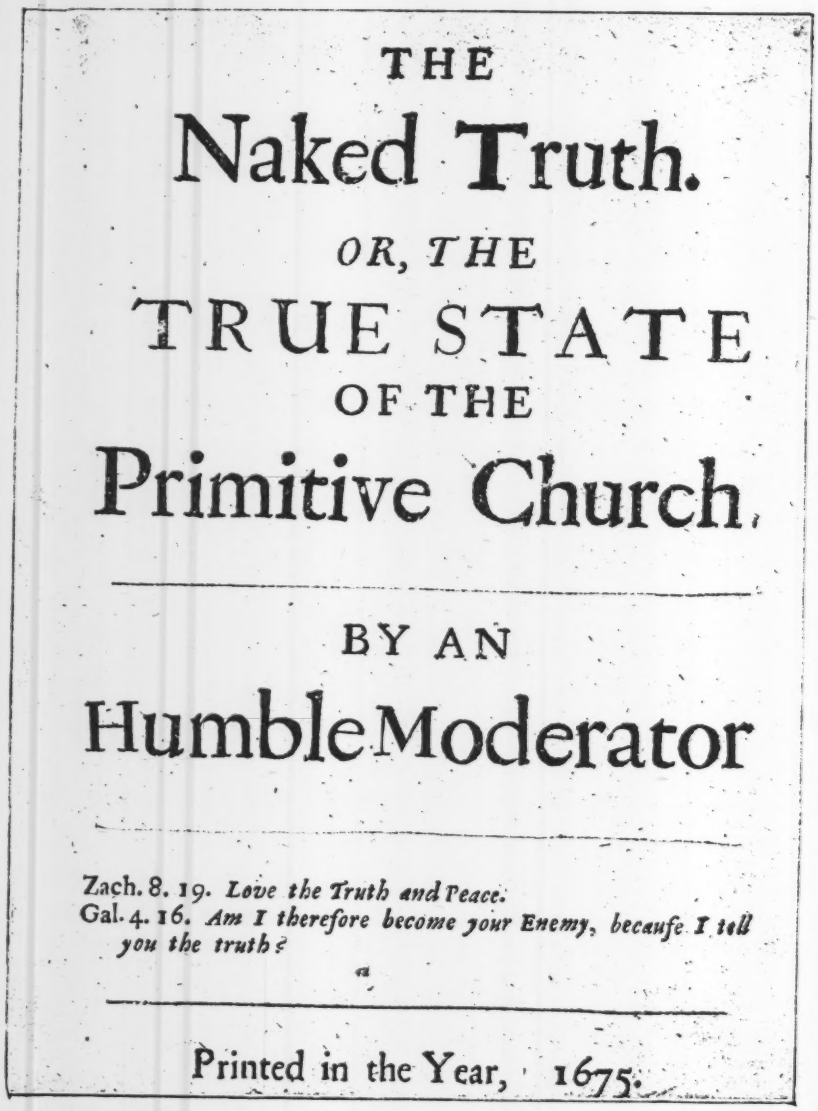
Charming sketches and stories of New England in former days. Their author knew New England, not as an onlooker, but as a partaker of its life, which she shared for more than eighty years. You, who love reading of quiet lives, their difficulties and triumphs, must certainly possess yourselves of this most lovable volume. We are certain, as we read, that most of the tales were taken from actual facts. The history of Rachel Eliot, the parson's daughter (who ought to have been a boy and a minister of the Word)—Rachel, who by some means went to a commencement ball, and danced all night in pretty white satin slippers—is one of the best things in a book full of wisdom, sweetness, and right understanding of life. Rachel "gently drew away our morbid reading, the sad tales of early death and precocious piety, and inspired us with deeds of valour and chivalry and greatness." Miss Wolcott must have known many fine women in her time; the book is filled with portraits of them. "Aunt Lois" is a memorable person, whom we need among us to-day, though

she may be of a very old-world type indeed—"No engagement, however unsuitable, could surprise her. . . . All heartaches and backaches and finger-aches went to Aunt Lois for consolation, and the least of them never went in vain. She had a heart that held no suggestion of wrong."

THE DEVIL'S PROBLEM.

By MARGARET WESTRUP. 6s. 9d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Westrup's latest novel is a war story of an unusual type. Her characters are drawn with the naturalness and delicacy that has marked her former work, and the placid pre-war life at Barlingham-on-Sea, with its ordinary everyday people, its trivial events and more trivial small-talk, forms a striking background for the singularity of dreamy Penelope Glynn. Penelope does not shine in social affairs, she does not give promise of being a practical orthodox wife for the prosaic young man who has hopes of winning her, and considers herself a failure. Then the war comes and gives her her chance. In a spirit of self-sacrifice she marries a soldier broken by the war; her quiet presence brings balm to his shattered nerves, and through her he slowly recovers his health and vigour. But brought to normal conditions, their abnormal marriage is out of joint, and catastrophe seems imminent—until a confession of love on both sides saves the situation and provides a happy ending to a novel of distinction and quaint charm.

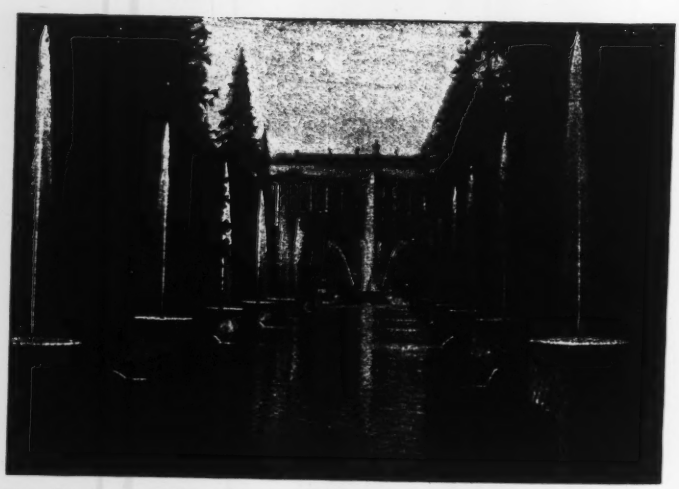

THE
Naked Truth.
OR, THE
TRUE STATE
OF THE
Primitive Church.
BY AN
HumbleModerator
Zach. 8. 19. *Love the Truth and Peace.*
Gal. 4. 16. *Am I therefore become your Enemy, becaufe I tell you the truth?*
Printed in the Year, 1675.

FACSIMILE
Title page of a famous pamphlet on Church Government written by Herbert Croft, Lord Bishop of Hereford in 1675, now reprinted with an Introduction by Herbert Hensley Henson, Lord Bishop of Hereford in 1919 (Chatto & Windus).

ACCORDING TO ORDERS.

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Here are ten stories, stories all of the German side of the European War. Mr. Austin is a practised writer of this kind of fiction, and the tales have all appeared and given satisfaction to great numbers of readers of the *Strand* and other similar magazines. There are stories of the German trenches under attack, of a German submarine foiled in the desperate effort to destroy a great British ship, of a Zeppelin raid on London in which the Zeppelin meets a flaming end, a tale of how a German woman was moved from passionate German ardour of pitiless conquest to pity for suffering French prisoners, etc., etc. All are admirably told. Perhaps from the ten one might choose the last—"Peace"—as the most serious; it suggests the feeling of a German soldier who hopes for a new world from the coming of peace, but sees the whole world still abhorring and distrusting German crimes—hunger and tyranny at home. As he dies in a bread riot in his native town, he sees around him the very scenes that he had first known in the early ravaging of Belgium—and perceives the nemesis of Germany.


From The Russian Diary of an Englishman
By An Unofficial Diplomat
(*Heinemann*).

ARTIFICIAL WATERFALL

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM THOMSON, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

By Ethel H. Thomson. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

To all who are interested in the annals of our National Church this account of "The Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York," will make a very considerable appeal; for, besides including a history of the Province of York from 1860 to 1890, it presents its subject not only as a great prelate and a most diligent and large-hearted public man, but as a soul who habitually walked with God, and was rarely out of touch with the aspirations of his fellow-creatures. It is written by his daughter with rare tact and toleration. The controversies in which the archbishop took his part, those which raged round "Essays and Reviews," round Dr. Colenso and the Pentateuch and round the Ritualistic Prosecutions of the eighties, have of course been long dead and buried; and at this time of day not even the most magical of literary resurrectionists could hope to galvanise them into life, but Miss Thomson does everything that is possible with them, and they are a necessary part in the background of an ably written and very interesting biography.

From **Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York** (*John Lane*).

Archbishop Thomson. From the portrait at Bishopthorpe, by W. Ouless, R.A.

HISTORY OF ZIONISM (1600-1918).

By Nahum Sokolow. Vol. I. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

There are very few movements or ideas in the history of civilisation that can compare in steadfastness and nobility with the unfading aspiration of the Jews to recover their native country and their natural home. Their consciousness of race and national life has always centred on Palestine, and no hardship and no prosperity has ever dimmed that consciousness and that aspiration. Now that it has been officially recognised by Great Britain as a hope to be encouraged and an aim to be brought to fulfilment it seems an excellent thing to have such a work as Mr. Sokolow's giving an historical account of the progress of the Zionist idea in the Western world, and especially in England and in France. Mr. Sokolow begins with an account of the great Manasseh-ben-Israel who was the chief promoter

Solomon Alexander Hart, R.A. (1873).
From **The History of Zionism,** By Nahum Sokolow (*Longmans*).

The Conference between Manasseh-Ben-Israel and Oliver Cromwell (1655).

of the return of the Jews to England during the Commonwealth; then recounts some of the views of English Puritan friends of the Jews and their restoration to the Holy Land, narrating the schemes of such men as Dr. John Justin Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and Edward King; then he takes up the Napoleonic ideas, and describes his appeal to the Jews in Palestine and the Sanhedrin held in Paris. But it is in the nineteenth century that we find the idea taking practical shape and moving towards attainment through the influence and work of men like Sir Moses Montefiore, Lord Shaftesbury, Dunant, Laurence Oliphant, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, Lord Swaythling, Baron de Hirsch, Theodor Herzl, and many others in England and France, and elsewhere. Colonies have actually been established for Jews in Palestine with very encouraging results. But now as Mr. Sokolow points out we have from history and experience derived certain conclusions as to how the aim of Zionism can be achieved, which he summarises as follows: (1) The Homeland of the Jewish people must be in Palestine. (2) Palestine can and must be made capable of fulfilling its function by the method of patient colonisation. (3) The security of public law—that is of the recognition of the rightful claim of the Jewish people to regenerate Palestine and itself through Palestine—is a necessary condition to success. Mr. Sokolow's work is an earnest, painstaking contribution to history, and it is worth observing that in all the volume there is no single word of bitterness. The illustrations make a very remarkable collection indeed. A series of portraits, many of them from rare originals, and representing all the most prominent personages in the Jewish world for the last three hundred years.

From **Vol. I. of Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War,**
Compiled by J. Murray Allison
(*John Lane*).

THE ZEPPELIN TRIUMPH.
"BUT MOTHER HAD DONE NOTHING WRONG, HAD SHE, DADDY?"

TYRIAN PURPLE.

By AMY J. BAKER (MRS. MAYNARD CRAWFORD). 7s. net. (John Long.)

A stirring romance of the ancient world, dealing with a period of history (so the author claims) that has never before been used as the setting of a novel. Tyre and Samaria in the time of Ahab and Jezebel and Elijah the prophet is the setting used for this remarkable and passionate book. The author has founded her plot on the biblical story of Jezebel and Jehu, which she has enlarged and embroidered into a romance of "Tyrian Purple," giving us a wonderfully vivid picture of the life and manners of a bygone age. The light in which we are made to view Jezebel (who is the heroine of the story) is fresh, and we are drawn to admire certain qualities in her, in spite of her evil-doing. Jehu, the hero of the story, is powerfully drawn. The author has thoroughly steeped herself in the atmosphere of the time she is writing about, and with her skilful pen has recreated it afresh for us in the pages of her engrossing story.

A HANDFUL OF AUSSEYS.

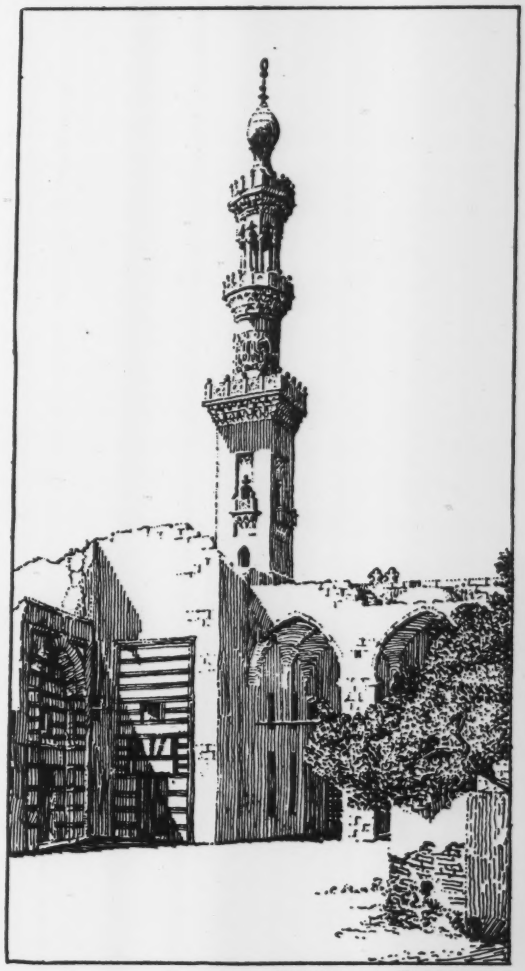
By C. HAMPTON THORP, A.I.F. 7s. net. (John Lane.)

This "handful" was made up of Australians who volunteered for service, not in the first hot hours of war time, but after a year's struggle had made its grim impression on the world and shown with brutal clearness how hard the ordeal was against how formidable an enemy. The writer describes in terse, vivid sketches the life and feelings of a "reinforcement draft" from its setting out from Australia until it took its place in the line, trained and fit to join its forerunners in the battalion. We live the life on the troopship, with its cramped but stouthearted gaiety, join in the frosty training days in the English camps, learn something of the Australian views of the Navy, the English countryside, English manners, English cities, English girls, and share some of the poignant and betraying loneliness that beset the hearts of these men who came "home" from their own very far-off homes. It is interesting to read the somewhat naïve dialogues in which the author airs his very sensible and entertaining views, and besides being interested, we learn to understand and feel affection for these big-bodied, big-hearted fellows whose reputation has been just a trifle blown upon by reason of the behaviour of some of the less worthy of them. The London chapters tell us a good deal, the more perhaps because they skate airily over the thinnest of thin ice. Among the good war pictures of the present war, the description of this draft's moving up to the firing line deserves to find a permanent place. We are promised a further volume dealing with their fighting experiences; it will be welcome.

THROUGH EGYPT IN WAR TIME.

By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. 21s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Briggs, having failed to obtain a R.E. commission through alleged physical disabilities, heard by accident of such things as Sanitary Sections, for which architects were occasionally required as commanding officers; and a few months later he was interviewed and gazetted. Eight weeks after he was hustled off to Egypt. His first view of the enchanted land was "a glittering line of golden sand, and the feathery heads of a few palm-trees." In this volume Mr. Briggs gives a pleasant and very readable account of his experiences. He lived in nearly all the camps occupied at various times by the E.E.F. and describes them with a graphic simplicity. He tells us, in a word, what we want to know, and what the travel-books do not generally condescend to mention. He gives a good account of Alexandria and a still better one of Cairo in time of war, where the British and Australians poured out the accumulated arrears of money due to them from Gallipoli days. It was a great windfall for the place, and a great chance for the Greek. The writer says that enormous profits might have been made "had one been able to foresee the war" by floating a soda-water manufactory there. In another chapter he pathetically renders a list of the drinks he got through in the hot weather at El Azzab camp. "You hear many nice things said about the Egyptian climate, but they refer almost exclusively to the winter, and to circumstances in certain luxurious hotels on the Nile. My daily average here is about eight good cups of tea, two or more glasses of lemonade, and a few glasses of water out of my bucket, also two or more oranges." The illustrations are varied and admirable; the author himself supplies most of the sketches and photographs. Chapters on "Ismailia," the "Libyan Coast," "El Arish to Palestine" are among the best, but the book throughout is the work of a competent hand, and many members of the E.E.F., as well as hosts of their interested stay-at-home relations, will doubtless keep it on their bookshelves, for reference and remembrance.



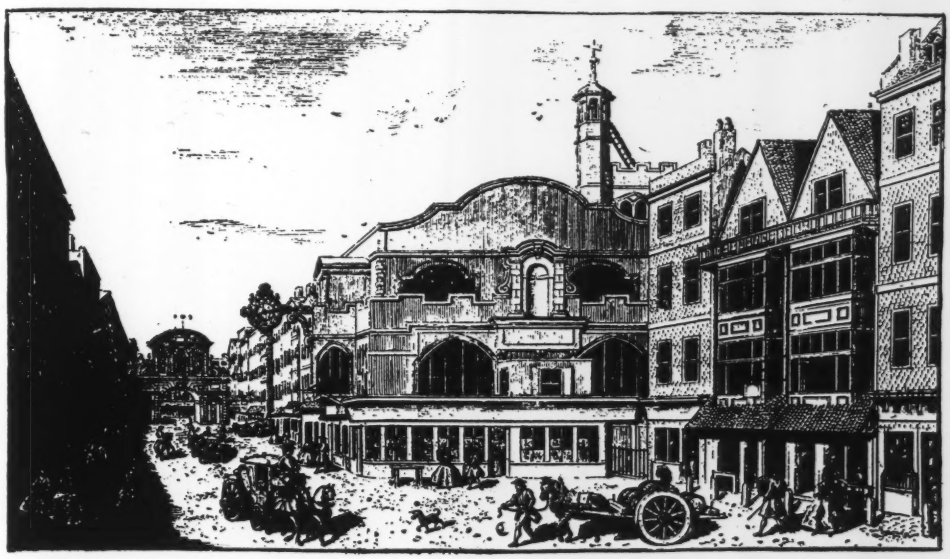
INTERIOR OF BARKUKIYEH, TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.

From Through Egypt in War Time (*Fisher Unwin*).

THE STORY OF DOCTOR JOHNSON: BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO BOSWELL'S LIFE.

By S. C. ROBERTS, M.A. 4s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This book was probably compiled in the first instance with a view to the needs of schools and colleges—and lucky the students who live in an age when they can break themselves into literature with volumes like this. But a far wider public awaits it. It is an ideal introduction to the most delightful, albeit the most bulky, of our biographies. The reader who picks it up will become a Johnsonian from that moment, and not rest satisfied till he can go on to the thirteen volumes of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's encyclopædic editions. Mr. Roberts has not simply made a selection from Boswell; he has chosen his scenes and sketches principally from that perfect biographer, of course; but he has drawn, too, upon Mrs. Thrale, and Fanny Burney, and the Tour to the Hebrides. His own contribution is mainly unwritten, and takes the form of the fine taste



From The Story of Doctor Johnson By S. C. Roberts (*Cambridge University Press*).

FLEET STREET IN DOCTOR JOHNSON'S DAY. From a contemporary engraving.

and enthusiasm governing the choice of matter; but what he does write has its qualities of style and humour befitting the subject. In fact, the book may be called (in a Wagnerian sense) the Overture to Boswell; for it is composed of the main themes and "motives" of that great literary composition worked up into a delightful miniature of the whole. Those who hear the "Meistersinger" prelude become anxious to hear the whole opera; those who know the whole opera are always glad to hear the prelude. Similarly, Mr. Roberts's Overture to Boswell will be an incitement to those who do not yet know the whole original, and a pleasure to those who do. Those who may have been deterred from Boswell by his length—his "heavenly length," when once you know him—should certainly try this miniature edition. The book has been excellently produced, the illustrations being a specially noteworthy feature.

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES.

By E. T. RAYMOND. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

SET DOWN IN MALICE.

By GERALD CUMBERLAND. 8s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Here are two books dealing outspokenly and caustically with a large variety of people of more or less importance in our own day. Mr. Raymond devotes himself to politicians and political journalists, and his character studies are as witty and brilliant as anything in this kind that has been done of recent years. Except in the case of Mr. Samuel Gompers and of General Smuts, he is seldom flattering in his portraiture, though he chooses his subjects impartially from all parties. Mr. Lloyd George is in his gallery, and Lord Lansdowne; Mr. Asquith and Lord Robert Cecil; Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Henderson; Mr. McKenna and Viscount Milner; Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Austen Chamberlain; Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Harold Cox. But he is candid in the true sense of the word, and usually fills in the best as well as the worst features of his sitters; only in one or two instances is his censure almost without qualification. You may dissent from many of his views and interpretations, but there is no denying his cleverness, his insight, or the truth that is behind much of his irony. Mr. Cumberland calls his book a book of reminiscences, and is less concerned with the study of character than with the setting down of his impressions and prejudices. This he does with a lively humour and a frankness that is invariably entertaining and sometimes impertinent. Most of the men and women he discusses are authors, artists, critics, actors, singers or musicians; they are many and various; and except for a favoured half-dozen or so, he handles them with irreverence, or with airy or satirical humour. Among the favoured few are Sir Hall Caine, G. K. Chesterton, Frank Harris, and Ernest Newman. Those who are not favoured include Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw, Miss Horniman, Sir Edward Elgar, Mrs. Besant, Stanley Houghton, Harold Brighouse and Mr. Henderson, who comes off as badly here as he does with Mr. Raymond. It is a book to read, for there are a lot of good things in it, plenty of humour, any amount of smartness and as much self-conceit, and all the malice is in the title. You suspect that Mr. Cumberland was simply determined to sparkle at all costs, and as often as not wrote his jibes and flippancies with his tongue in his cheek. Some of his victims will not read him with amusement, but those he has not met or written about will find him vastly entertaining.

From The Good Ship Dove
By Florence Warden
(*Ward, Lock*).

"I OFTEN THOUGHT OF YOU WHEN I WAS AT THE FRONT," HE SAID.

From The Better Yarn
By Arthur Greening
(*Jarrold*).

TELLING THE TALE.
Frontispiece by Albert Lock.

THE GOOD SHIP DOVE.

By FLORENCE WARDEN. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

A well-sustained mystery story, vivaciously written, and containing many exciting and dramatic situations, "The Good Ship *Dove*" is certainly a novel to be recommended. The plot is concerned with the sudden disappearance of a young man, Norton Redcar, on the eve of a party given in his honour and just after he has practically proposed to the heroine of the story, Daphne Garthwaite. Rumour casts great discredit on his name after his disappearance, but Daphne will believe nothing against him, and warmly champions her absent lover. The story is skilfully unfolded, the reader being kept completely in the dark as to the real cause of Norton's running away—for that he has run away and is in hiding under an assumed name we are allowed to discover—until events work up to a crisis and the truth is disclosed. The reader will become thoroughly absorbed in this ingenious tale.

THE LAY OF THE LAND.

By Robert A. Hamblin. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

This is a simple, old-fashioned story, but it reveals a skill in characterisation such as any writer might be proud of. Bellowgrass the plumber and Shortmeal the carpenter were neighbours and hereditary friends, but the legacy that came to Mr. Bellowgrass sapped his soundness both as a plumber and as a friend. He forthwith called himself a sanitary engineer, embarked on house building, and began to lord it over his ancient crony. But Nemesis awaited him in the person of Mr. Anniseed the builder, who bled him nearly white and discovered a fatal flaw in the Bellowgrass title-deeds. The excellent Shortmeal was magnanimous in the hour of victory, and the story ends in the most approved and most ancient manner with the complete reconciliation of the two families, the betrothal of Reuben Bellowgrass and Jennet Shortmeal, and the discomfiture of the scoundrelly Anniseed. There is not a puppet in the story. Every one lives and moves and has being, and is made to talk with a most convincing realism. The pomposity of the plumber, and the pusillanimity of the carpenter, and the rôles of their wives are described with refreshing humour, and the love story of Reuben and Jennet carries a perfume in the telling. The publishers describe the book as a "war-time relaxation," and no reader is likely to quarrel with the description, for peace is not yet.

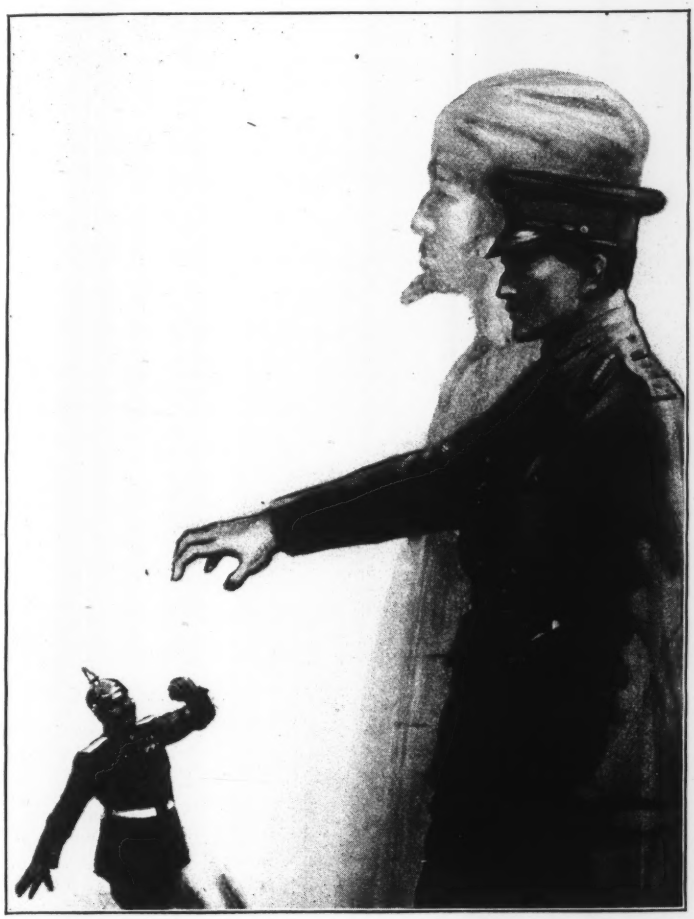
AN ENGAGED COUPLE

From A Broken Journey
By Mary Gaunt
(*Werner Laurie*).
Reviewed by Mrs. Archibald Little in this Number.

GODMOTHER'S GARDEN.

By Netta Syrett. With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White by Florence Harrison. 3s. net. (Blackie.)

Miss Syrett has written a charming blend of everyday life and fairy story that came to Sylvia when, after her long illness, she went to stay with her great-godmother Honeysweet at Meadow Grange, and fell in love with "the most beautiful garden in the world." Meadow Grange was an ideal spot for a little town girl to go to. "Other gardens are very pretty," said Sylvia to Godmother, "but the trees and flowers in them are just ordinary trees and flowers. Now ours are mysterious. . . ." And in dreams Sylvia learns the mysteries of Snap-Dragon and Love-in-a-Mist, of Marguerite, of Morning Glory, of Sweet William and London Pride, and many others. She also steps into other lands and meets other children. Perhaps here and there there is a shade too much of under-meaning for a genuine child; and Godmother's smile may puzzle and bewilder instead of comforting or pleasing the young reader, but, children have a happy knack of "skipping" what they are not interested in and the main themes will win their hearts. And Miss Harrison's illustrations are good—very good; they are both delicate and strong, and her individuality shines through convention.



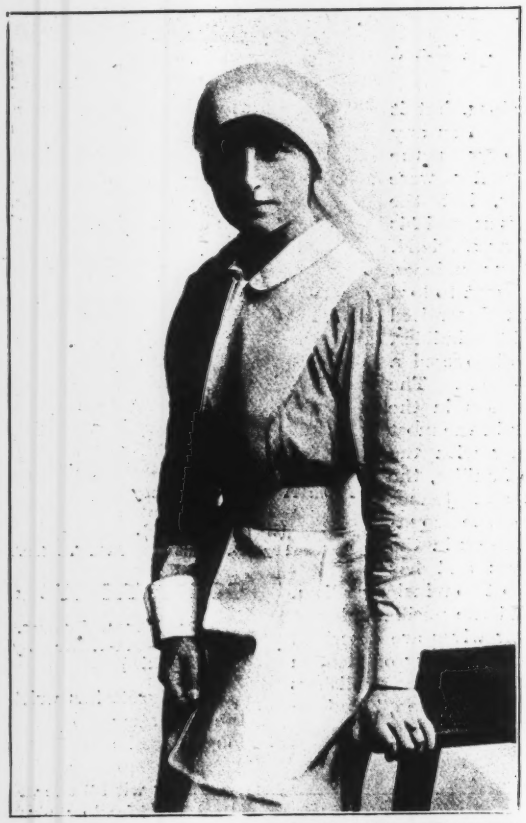
REDUCED REPRODUCTION FROM COLOUR WRAPPER
for the new novel by John Buchan, "Mr. Standfast" (Hodder & Stoughton).

MINNIGLEN.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 7s. (John Murray.)

In some degree this book is a far-off echo of "The Pilgrim's Progress," less impressively allegorical maybe, but nevertheless intimate and true as regards the passing of a soul from darkness into light. Anne Joscelyn, weary of Vanity Fair, treads the Path leading through the Valley of Humiliation to the Calvary of the War, and travels beyond it to a real understanding that she is not herself, as she knows herself, but an immortal Being, dowered with infinite possibilities. The story is beautifully and simply told, with a noble restraint which ranks it as genuine literature. And the characters are flesh-and-blood mortals, not puppets dancing aimlessly in a shadow-show, for the authors

show a remarkable appreciation of what is fine and leal in human nature; seeking constantly the Christ within each and all. Even the upstart Weyfords display the buried good which is in them when tested by the war, while the shepherd, Duncan Cameron, shows the perfectability of man-as-he-is-meant-to-be, even without such a test. Minniglen himself is admirable with his duality of cave-man and civilised modernity—the former predominating. Few will read his moving speech—pages 337-8—without feeling keenly the noble influence of such tearful things as it suggests. Nor is comedy wanting. Aunt Jane, the aristocratic suffragette, is splendid; Lady Brooksbury, with her sentimental drivel and posing, is delicious. There is just enough laughter to relieve the serious trend of the story. The authors are heartily to be congratulated on the writing of a fine and uplifting tale—such a one as will enable the superficial thinker to realise in some measure the true inward greatness of these grim days when the world is in the throes of a new and glorious birth. Out of darkness light is coming; out of sorrow, joy; but in the present lessons have to be learned to quicken their coming. "Minniglen" shows how some of these much-needed lessons have to be learned.



MISS VERA BRITTAIN,
whose "Verses of a V.A.D." (Erskine Macdonald), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

SELF AND SELF-MANAGEMENT.

By ARNOLD BENNETT. 3s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the half-dozen "essays about existing" which make up the lastest addition to his stimulating series of pocket philosophies, Mr. Bennett drives as usual right into the heart of the worries and regrets that beset us in our retrospective, stock-taking moments. For its plain, unvarnished wisdom, for its pertinent message to all seekers after happiness, no essay in the book will be read more eagerly than the opening one. It is addressed to all—men and women—who, consciously or unconsciously, are "running away from life," and losing thereby the full savour of existence. Here is a typical passage: "Examining the cases of certain women who put off marrying I have been forced to the conclusion that their only reason for hesitating to marry is that men are not perfect, and that to marry an imperfect man involves risk. It does, but the reason is not valid. Risk is the very essence of life, and the total absence of danger is equal to death. I do not say that to follow an unsatisfactory vocation and to fail in it is better than to follow no vocation. But I am inclined to say that any marriage is better than no marriage—for both sexes. And I think that the most tragic spectacle on earth is an old woman metaphorically wrapped in cotton-wool who at some period of her career has refused life because of the peril of inconvenience and unhappiness." Another essay bristling provocatively with hard-pointed sense is that in which the author delivers (at a safe distance) a heart-to-heart lecture to a young woman who complained that these little books of his about life and improving oneself, and being efficient, and not wasting time, are "very nice to read, but they've never done me any good—practically." Delightful, too, are the author's exposition of "the meaning of frocks" and his analyses of "the complete fusser" and "the diary habit." In short, no one should miss this sparkling little book and the experience it affords of being buttonholed by Mr. Bennett and listening to a witty, penetrating, helpful discourse on that one subject of never-failing interest—oneself.

MISS DAISY ASHFORD,
Author of "The Young Visiters," a new book for children, with a Foreword by Sir J. M. Barrie, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing.

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL.

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Russia in Upheaval" is a work so full of first-hand information concerning the present condition of the country it deals with that it may be heartily commended to the attention of the British book reader. This is not to say that it is planned or written

to meet the requirements of the British book market. On the contrary, it is so marked by a transatlantic detachment from the general views of Bolshevism entertained by the anti-Germanic allies, and its author adopts so sympathetic an attitude towards Lenin, that the Britisher into whose hands it falls, while gathering from it many new lights on the characters and temperaments of the Russian people in general and of Russian women in particular, is likely to feel, when he has gone through it, that he is less and less in a position to decide the relative proportions of good and evil in the existing Soviet regime. Dr. Ross's opinion seems to be that the great hope for the future of the united States of Russia lies in their close co-operation with the United States of America; and in a passage which, for all its keen diagnosis of national tendencies, is by no means calculated to conciliate the susceptibilities of the English-speaking races, he points out that such bonds of union between Great Britain and the United States as political and linguistic affinities are in the twentieth century practically negligible, and that the natural ally for federal, agricultural, democratic America is not imperial, industrial, aristocratic Great Britain, but federal, agricultural, democratic Russia.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM,
whose new novel, "The Moon and Sixpence," Mr. Heinemann will publish this month.

FIFTY YEARS OF A SHOWMAN'S LIFE.

By THOMAS F. PLOWMAN. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Plowman is the veteran Secretary and Editor of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, a very ancient and most progressive organisation indeed. As he claims that his career as a showman—an agricultural showman—dates from the year 1867, he has good and sufficient cause for offering some of his memories and stored-up wisdom to the public. The many readers who were delighted by Mr. Plowman's earlier volume of reminiscences, "In the Days of Victoria," relating the memories of town life and folk, will welcome this companion volume dealing with his association with agriculture and its representatives. English agriculture has been a central interest to so many land-owning families, so much intelligence, care and devotion has gone to its fostering by enlightened individuals, that its annals, told by one of its most enthusiastic and knowledgeable followers, cannot fail to be of great interest. But when they are so personal and vivacious, and so interwoven with anecdotes and descriptions of notable people and notable doings as is this book of Mr. Plowman's, they claim a place among the records of the age. We are always greedy for good books of this kind. Mr. Plowman is never dull, whether he is telling us purely personal things about his own youth, or his work with the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society, or the Bath Society, or giving us a chapter on "dowsing" with his own experiences, or telling us of shows he has held, or describing the French Pomological Society's work, or giving anecdotes of royalty—for both Edward VII. and King George are known as no mean agriculturists; the latter, like his father, patronises shows and helps generally in the good work, and Mr. Plowman has a number of memories in which both monarchs figure. Other less exalted persons figure in these pages, and one may pause with glee to consider the taste of the enthusiast for sulphate of ammonia, not merely as a fertiliser, but as a pick-me-up in the shape of snuff! The book is in fact stuffed with good cordial human stuff.

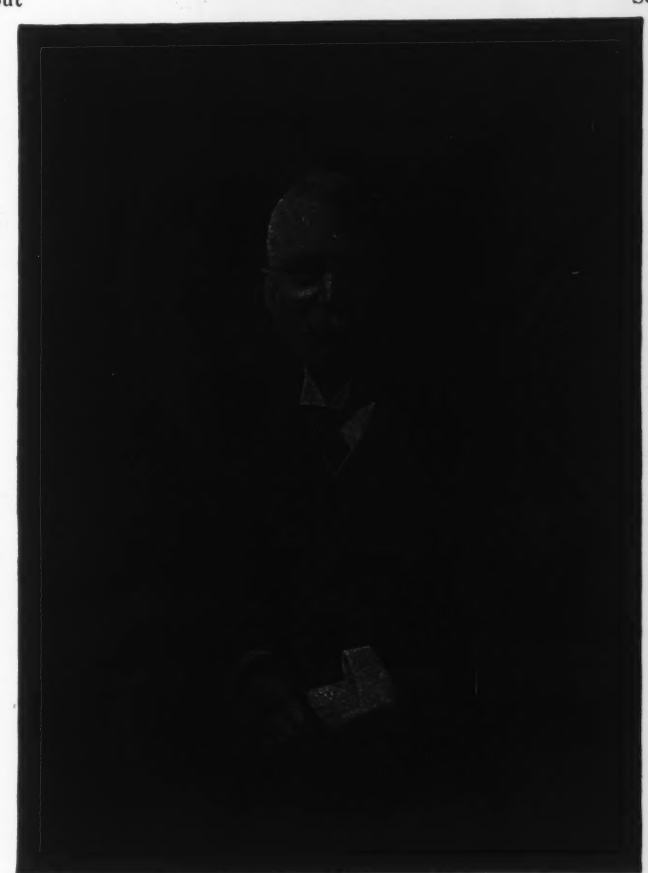


Photo by Metropole Studio, Cardiff.
From **Fifty Years of a Showman's Life,**
By Thomas F. Plowman
(John Lane).

THE OLD SHOWMAN GROWN GREY IN THE SERVICE.

THE LUMINOUS PEARL.

By FRANK HAMEL. 6s. net. (Grafton.)

Amber Norton is the daughter of an erratic, unbalanced English father and a Japanese mother who is held to have been "an enchantress, a soulless being who

destroyed men for sheer love of it." Her family was supposed to exercise control over weird, ghostly foxes, and according to Japanese tradition members of such a family should marry with those similarly empowered, or a fearful curse would descend on them. Amber falls in love with an Englishman, a friend of her childhood, and the story deals mainly with his efforts to win her and her father's efforts to prevent what he believes must prove a tragic disaster. Those who like a romance dealing with the occult and mysterious and bristling with thrilling and uncanny experiences cannot do better than read "The Luminous Pearl."

From The Dover Patrol (*Grant Richards*).

IN THE FORETOP OF THE "VINDICTIVE."

THE DOVER PATROL.

By "JACKSTAFF." 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Now that the armistice and the ending of hostilities has allowed the silence surrounding naval affairs to be broken, we are all eager to hear of the doings of our surest defenders. And no more arduous or important work fell to any unit than to the Dover Patrol, whose business it was to guard the Channel and keep it safe for the Army. Besides the great and brilliant feats at Ostend and Zeebrugge, the patrol was responsible for immense and unceasing daily and nightly toils, and it is a plain history of those toils that is here all too briefly set forth. The lay reader will be enchanted at these revelations, and they are revelations indeed. Not every one realised that at Zeebrugge the Germans had about thirty of their best destroyers lying in wait, and that all our traffic passed day and night under their noses. Nothing saved it but the endless vigilance of the Dover Patrol, and how effective this was is best seen by the fuss made when once or twice in over four years the Germans actually managed to slip out and attack us or shell Dunkirk or an English town and then hurry home like a cat streaking along the top of a garden wall with flattened ears. Naturally, the story of the blocking of Zeebrugge and the end of the *Vindictive* takes a foremost and thrilling place in the book, but there is a solid and convincing picture of the work of the patrol as a whole, by land, by sea, under the sea, and in the air. And when you shut the book you may safely say: "The half, nor the tenth, nor the thousandth part has been told."

From The House of Courage, By Mrs. Victor Rickard (*Duckworth*), which is reviewed in this Number.

COVER DESIGN.

THE LAND OF ELDORADO.

By GEORGE GOODCHILD. 6s. (Jarrold.)

For the setting of his new romance Mr. Goodchild has gone to the white North—to the snowy wastes of the Yukon district and the mists and loneliness of a small island in the Bering Sea. It is a picturesque, swift-moving story; sketches vividly the hard, wild life of Circle City, in Alaska, and ends the first act of a stirring drama with the rescue of baby Gene from death by the drunken, reckless Scabano, who has killed her father. The bleak island on which Scabano is imprisoned for life is admirably described. Through the kindly intervention of a priest the child, Gene, who is believed to be his daughter, is allowed to share his exile; and he finds more than contentment in devoting himself to the rearing of his small charge. His affection for her restores him, in spite of occasional lapses, to the manhood he had lost; till the great love that has grown between them is put to a terrible test by his revelation, when, in a moment of stress, he has yielded to temptation and is under the influence of drink, of the fact that he is not her father, and that he was her father's murderer. A love interest which comes into the tale with the discovery on the island of a half-drowned man, who has been thrown up by the sea, seems to go out of it with his reluctant departure; but her guardian's self-betrayal, driving Gene to a distracted sea voyage of escape, has the happiest results for herself as well as for him. The story is full of colour and movement and makes capital reading.

From **The Land of Eldorado,** By George Goodchild (*Jarrold*). **COVER DESIGN.** By H. M. Brock.

A PRINCE IN PETTO.

By JOHN AYSCOUGH. 7s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Ayscough's new novel opens promisingly with an intimate and leisurely description of old Matcham Hall and its quaint Jacobite household. Here we make the acquaintance of Matey and the doctor, Eldad and Dorcas, in company with an old sea-captain and his foster-child Carol—a lame boy who bears a surprising resemblance to Charles II. As the boy's history is disclosed, the resemblance proves to be not so surprising after all, and Carol is taken to Rome to be brought up by a make-believe king in a make-believe court. Some there are who would make young Carol the Jacobite claimant of a third generation, but he elects differently, and finds happiness in a true love marriage. The atmosphere of

Reduced reproduction from colour cover for "The Woman's Footprints" by E. R. Punshon which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month.

THE SLAVERS PRISONER.

the romance is heavy with the divine rights of popes and princes. But though it suffers a little from a preoccupation with titles, spiritual and temporal, " A Prince in Petto " should appeal to readers who enjoy a thoughtful novel having a carefully planned historical background.

PERSONAL POEMS.

By R. L. Megroz. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

You feel in reading Mr. Megroz's verses that he is not sedulously following in anybody's footsteps, but is striving to express thoughts that are his own. He writes in praise of W. B. Yeats, with whom, nevertheless, he seems to have little in common ; his poems, especially some of the sonnets, suggest rather the frank simplicity and robust flesh-and-blood humanity of the Elizabethans. If he labours at times for expression, it is because he has something to say and is not contented to say it in the way that is easiest and most facile. He does not often strike out the magic phrase, but he is rarely commonplace. He is not afraid to be himself, to try experiments, to give the rein to his fancy, to hammer his ideas into shape in his own fashion. There is the true stuff of poetry in his sonnet sequences, " Con Amore " and " To a Contemporary." His odes are less successful ; there is a touch of eccentricity about some of his lyrics, but he has imagination, and an individual note that is not too common in modern verse. We forbear to quote, because a few lines of quotation in a short notice would inadequately represent him. His book is worth reading, both for what is achieved in it and for what it promises.

From **The Adventures of Dilly and Dally.** Illustrated by " Poy." (*Thornton Butterworth*).

DILLY AND DALLY ATTENDING TO THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

From **Dere Mable,** By E. Streeter (*Jarrold*).

" I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT HORSES THEY FEELS THE SAME WAY ABOUT ME."

DERE MABLE: LOVE LETTERS OF A ROOKIE.

By E. Streeter. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

There is a quaint, queer humour in these letters from an American soldier to his sweetheart that keeps you constantly chuckling as you read. It is the humour of the stolid, simple, self-satisfied person who has no intention of being funny. He writes of his life in the Army, of his military training and duties, the discomforts of camp life, his general doings, his thoughts of the girl at home, and finally drifts into a furious jealousy of a supposed rival, and ends with a telegram when he learns that the Broggins she had so frequently referred to was a dog. " Rite soon and plain, Mable," he urges, " cause I dont get much chance to study " " As soon as things get shook down a bit, I hope to get more time to miss you." " Im ritin this letter with my shoes off. I hope youll excuse my bein so informal but Im havin the old trouble with my feet." " Id ask you for your pictur only I havent got much room for that kind of thing down here." " As I said to Joe Loomis who was in the tent when your presents came, it aint what the thing cost or whether you could ever use it for anything. Its the thought. Sentiment before pleasure. Thats me all over, Mable." It is the humour of the humourless man, who could not be so laughable if he were not such a solemn ass.

THE LAND GIRL'S LOVE STORY.

By Berta Ruck. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In her gay, vivacious, intimate way, Miss Berta Ruck tells the story of Joan Matthews, a Whitehall girl—pallid and drooping, with a " frenchy " blouse and high-heeled shoes—who breaks down under the strain of office work and disappointment over a love affair. How Joan finds a cure for health and heart by going on the land, what she does there, and how she meets her future husband, make delightfully entertaining reading. The description of the breezy outdoor existence led by Joan and the difference it makes in her outlook on life should make many office girls restless. This charming love story should add to Miss Berta Ruck's already large circle of readers.

From **The Prisoners of Mainz,** By Alec Waugh (*Chapman & Hall*).

OUR DAILY ROLL.

THE GREAT WAR BRINGS IT HOME.

By JOHN HARGRAVE (" White Fox "). 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. John Hargrave's new book is an indictment of town-bred life, reinforced by the lessons to be learnt from the great war, and an attempt to make a " natural reconstruction " of our " unnatural existence " as members of an industrial state. This reconstruction is to be effected by causing as many human beings as possible to lead an open-air, camp life from babyhood, through boyhood and youthhood (this last " hood " is Mr. Hargrave's !), to adolescence and manhood. He is sadly inclined to make a fetish of camp life and of the boy scout; but there is a good deal of common sense, a good deal of real wisdom in some of the remedies for our decadent civilisation which " White Fox " propounds.

THE PRISONERS OF MAINZ.

By ALEC WAUGH. With illustrations by Captain R. T. ROUSSEL. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This interesting, graphically written narrative of prison experience differs pleasantly from nearly all other such records in having little to reveal in the way of horrors or German brutality. After giving a first short chapter to some account of the action in which he was captured, Mr. Waugh tells of his journey by road and rail into Germany, and thereafter describes realistically and with evident impartiality the life that was lived by himself and his fellow-prisoners in the prison camp at Mainz. A life that was hampered with irksome restrictions, but mitigated by a variety of sports and entertainments, and by the humour and good spirit of comradeship that prevailed among the captives themselves. There are instances of bad organisation, of neglect of wounded prisoners, but on the whole the Mainz camp was well ordered, and its inmates not subjected to wanton cruelty or even discourtesy, and, on the principle of giving the devil his due, Mr. Waugh frankly sets forth the facts as he knew them. There are delightfully entertaining chapters on " How We Amused Ourselves " and on " How we did not Escape," and a shrewd study of the German attitude of mind towards the English as it showed itself to a prisoner in their midst. An admirably written chronicle which impresses you with its air of uncompromising truthfulness; it does not rehabilitate or attempt to rehabilitate the German character, but testifies that some Germans, under a decent officer, are better than others.

THE COMEDY OF IT.

By KEBLE HOWARD. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Good dialogue is not nearly so easy to write as to read, which is probably why it is not often written. No one, nowadays, writes it with a defter touch, or a lighter sparkle of wit and humour than Keble Howard. The series of talks in " The Comedy of It " are sometimes the airiest trifling, but not more so than such talks are between actual people; sometimes they are shrewdly edged with satire, and sometimes they have their serious or their pleasantly sentimental moments. Everywhere they reflect the minds of a large variety of average people, men and women, high class, middle class, and low class, civilians and soldiers, on the changing aspects of the war, and life in England as we were living it then. A cheery, amusing book; a book to read when you are in good spirits, or to put you in good spirits when you are not.

From **The Great War Brings It Home** (*Constable*).

"WHAT'S THIS?"

From **The Sky Pilot of No Man's Land,** Ralph Connor's New Novel (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF COLOUR WRAPPER.

A NAVAL ADVENTURESS.

By PAUL TRENT. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

The spy as a subject for adventure stories has by no means been exhausted yet, and Mr. Paul Trent has used it to excellent purpose in his latest novel. His heroine is a girl of strong individuality and amazing courage, who, burning to help the Empire in time of war, dashes recklessly into various perils, and, while she performs feats of magnificent daring, usually succeeds in frustrating the plans of Stephen Lomax, the real secret service agent, and enabling the enemy to escape. In the end, through her fiery patriotism, she almost brings the disgrace of a court martial upon her lover, and he is only saved by the timely understanding of a sympathetic admiral. It will be realised from this cursory outline of the plot that it is no ordinary spy story. The situations are tense and exhilarating, the style brisk and the action rapid. A strong love interest helps to make this one of the best books of its kind the war has occasioned.

EVERYDAY STORIES TO TELL TO CHILDREN.

By MRS. H. C. CRADOCK. 5s. (Harrap.)

Anyone who is called upon by children to "tell us a tale" should welcome this little book of "Everyday Stories to Tell to Children," as they are just the sort of tales that young people will love to hear recounted. Writing in a simple, direct style, the author wisely includes all those important trivialities in her stories that are so dear to the heart of childhood—answering the "why's?" and "which's?" and "how many's?" that children always want to know. Most of the tales have a moral—but so artfully is it woven into the story that the listeners will not be aware that they are being taught. The author aims at making children admire certain characters in the stories, knowing that the desire to imitate (always very strong in a child) will naturally follow.

A JOURNEY IN WAR TIME.

By LADY ST. JOHN. 5s. net. (The Bodley Head.)

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From Cambridge Readings in Literature
Edited by George Sampson
(*Cambridge University Press*).
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

RYDAL WATER.
A drawing by John Ruskin

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Mr. Brand Whitlock, U.S. Minister to Belgium,
whose important book, "Belgium Under German Occupation," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

The imaginative literature of the air is still in its infancy. Four or five good books have been written on the subject, but of the remainder the less said the better. It is still an unfortunate rule that the writer who can write knows nothing about the air, while the writer who knows the air knows precious little about anything else—and absolutely nothing about his adopted art. In view of this and in spite of the admitted exceptions, one of the commonest forms of amusement in the R.A.F. is the reading of air fiction, the chances being about a hundred to one in favour of the author coming a terrific cropper before his story is half finished. Which, for some obscure but probably very human reason, gives the knowing reader a pleasant sensation of omniscience and rewarded virtue. Such readers will be quite pleased with "Reported Missing," the air portions of which, I am sorry to say, contain some of the most amusing nonsense I have ever read. I should doubt whether even M. Rosny himself quite understands why his three heroes should be compelled to fly eastwards when their machine is so much faster than those of the outwitted Germans, and his dark remarks about the wind only make the confusion worse. Surely it should be obvious that if the wind is unfavourable to one machine it is equally adverse to all others on the same course at the same time. But after all what does it matter? The author *must* get Clovis and his two observers into Germany somehow, or there would have been no story—and "Reported Missing" is a capital story, the very thrilling account of the adventures (mainly on the ground) of these three young men while attempting to escape. It is sheer ingratitude to be hypercritical about minor points when one has enjoyed a novel as much as I have enjoyed "Reported Missing." Though I hope that M. Rosny will be a little more careful when he takes to the air in future.

The second book on my list—"V.C.'s of the Air"—is also in the nature of an imaginative work, for Lieutenant Gilbert Barnett has painted such a picture of the strain and horrors of war-flying as I hope nobody ever experienced. I never did, anyhow, during the last three years. I am bound to say that I should prefer this extraordinary record of "V.C. stunts" to be couched in the cold language of the official reports, which at least invests these magnificent deeds with a proper dignity. Mr. Barnett's hysterical colouring is—to me—rather shocking. Mr. Dudley Tennant's illustrations to this attractively produced volume are very spirited and cleverly grouped. They give an excellent impression of the speed and dash of an aeroplane; but they also show how poor a subject it is for pictorial art, while the majority of the machines portrayed by Mr. Tennant are incorrect in detail.

From **Cambridge Readings in Literature**
Edited by George Sampson
(*Cambridge University Press*).
Reviewed in last month's Bookman.

The Fighting Man—New Style.
A British Airman.
By Sir William Orpen.

Such a charge cannot be brought against the large illustration showing the development of the aeroplane in "The British Aircraft Industry," which is as good a thing of its kind as I have ever seen. The volume itself is a reprint of the Aircraft Section of the Imperial and Foreign Trade Supplement of *The Times*. It is written by genuine experts (including the always accurate and entertaining editor of *The Aeroplane*) for the general public, to whom it will give as exact an idea as one could possibly hope to obtain of the capabilities, restrictions, and commercial possibilities of modern aircraft. It is a most interesting and suggestive compilation.

Naturally, Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "The Doctor in War" touches on flying only incidentally, though he gives a good picture of the unpleasant

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